

THE LIVING AGE.

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NIGHT AND MORNING THOUGHTS.

Think, when you sleep
And slip alone into a world of dream,
That fairies creep
Up to the darkling house by glow-
worm gleam;
And then kind-eyed
They cast delicious spells at your bed-
side,
And take you in their keeping
When you are sleeping.

In and out and round about, while
moonshine is peeping
Through the dimity curtains on the
floor and counterpane,
Puck with his fairy broom is furbish-
ing and sweeping,
And all the rest in the dimpley light
are dancing, ring and chain,
Cross hands and down the middle
and cross hands again.

Think, when you wake
And blink your eyelids at the morn-
ing's blue,
That fairies slake
Their dainty thirst upon the garden
dew,
And tell the flowers
To dress and give them breakfast in
their bowers,
And set the sunbeams shaking
When you are waking.

Here and there and everywhere, when
broad day is breaking
They troop into the garden, very
eager to be fed.
If the dew is not delivered, what a
fuss they will be making!
But at last they wander back into
the wood and go to bed,
With yawns of gapy gossamer, each
fairy sleepy-head.

Punch.

THE HAWK.

Thou dost not fly, thou art not perched,
The air is all around:
What is it that can keep thee set,
From falling to the ground?
The concentration of thy mind
Supports thee in the air;
As thou dost watch the small young
birds,
With such a deadly care.

I cannot keep my eyes from thee,
That neither moves nor slings;
That in clear air, and motionless,
Can stand with silent wings;
Supported by thy force of mind,
As thou, with eyes that glow,
Art watching birds and harvest mice
In the green fields below.

My mind has such a hawk as thou,
It is an evil mood;
It comes when there's no cause for
grief,
And on my joys doth brood.
Then do I see my life in parts;
The earth receives my bones,
The common air absorbs my mind—
It knows not flowers from stones.

The Nation.

William H. Davies.

AUTUMN.

Riot of birds in the springtime
(Hark to the driving rain),
Flushing of green in the copses
(List to the wild wind's refrain).
When will you come again?
Oh, when will you come again?
Glow of bright roses in summer
(North points the creaking vane).
Corn with gay poppies whisp'ring
(See the mists creep up the lane).
When will you come again?
Oh, when will you come again?

Ardor and glow of my boyhood
(How damp it is after the rain!).
Limitless faith in the future
(I know it is wrong to complain).
But when will they come again?
Oh, when will they come again?

M. Revell.

DE PROFUNDIS.

Below the dark waves where the dead
go down
Are gulfs of night more deep;
But little reck they whom the waves
once drown
How far from light they sleep.
But who, in depth of sorrow though he
be,
Fears not a deeper still?
Would God that sorrow were as the
salt sea,
Whose topmost waters kill!

F. W. Bourdillon.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE UNITED STATES.

Throughout the bourses of Europe, there exists at the present time a marked distrust as to the immediate future of American securities. This distrust of America extends even beyond the bourses, and applies quite generally to all things American, especially those of national character. If this disquietude was confined to matters financial, it might not be worth while to take it seriously, as it could be described as a phase through which European financial markets have passed successfully many times before. There is a general shortage of money throughout the world. Recent political and military disturbances have caused alarm, and capital, always timid, has retreated before them. Enormous demands have been made for special and unusual loans, strikes threatened a temporary decrease in the gold output, and social unrest has entered deeply into every country of large population, none being exempt. Temporary booms occur in the share market, but soon fall flat, being evidently more or less "professional" in their character. Allowing for the general and world-wide disturbance, however, there still remains a peculiar and marked pessimism towards America and her affairs.

To anyone familiar with the resources of America, the resourcefulness of Americans, and the temporary and superficial character of most political and financial disturbances, there is no cause for pessimism; but for the man in the street in Europe there may be some excuse for his alarm at the din of conflict and the tales of disorganization which cross the Atlantic. There are only two sources of information for the foreigner as regards the United States. One is the Press, which quite naturally deals almost exclusively with the unusual or the sen-

sational, and the other is Wall Street, a most notoriously inaccurate reflector of real conditions, and an alarmist without intelligence. To thoroughly understand what has been going on in America for several years past is not easy even to a citizen, and certainly much more difficult for one not to the country born. A great revolution has taken place in America, and, like all wars, either of arms or social effort, there is an aftermath which brings its heavy penalties.

The administration of the late President McKinley was marked by the end of the triumphant and unchecked reign of political spoils and the "boss," and concurrently by the birth of a movement among the people to take back unto themselves that which the founders of the nation intended them to have, to wit, a government giving special privilege to none. Theodore Roosevelt, the most astute and adroit politician in the United States, read the signs of the times, even before they were written wide, and voiced them according to his interpretation. So early in the day did he recognize this ground-swell of public opinion that when he put the demands of the mass of the people into form they came as novelties, and to him was ascribed their origin, hence the term "Roosevelt policies." These popular demands in the United States were no more Roosevelt policies than are the agitations resulting in the overthrow of the Manchus in China, the ascendancy of socialistic tendencies in England, or the efforts of the Russian Government to meet the needs of a population growing yearly in intelligence and self-conscious strength. Through finding an authoritative voice, however, they were crystallized and became tangibly effective of definite results.

It is not possible to destroy long-

established and complicated systems with a sledge-hammer, no matter how evil their real character may be, without injuring the innocent, and temporarily, at least, halting the fluent and logical co-operation of the nation's brain-cells. The evils were widely recognized, and opinion was unanimous that "something must be done." Having started out to destroy, it only required brute force and authority to cause tremendous havoc, and the troubles of the nation began afresh when constructive statesmanship was needed to replace that which had been, at least partially, annihilated. The reformers fell out among themselves, each one having his own panacea for all the ills of the body politic. The popularity of Mr. Roosevelt, and his hold upon the American people, having been gained through his courageous attacks upon established injustice, other ambitious politicians adopted his ideas and endeavored to out-herald the original actor in the part as saviours of the nation. The result has been that "reform" has run amok. To be conservative in thought or action is to be "reactionary."

The momentum of this revolution carried into power a lot of academic reformers unskilled in public life, and uncomprehending of the intricacy of the organization with which they were to deal. They were honest in their intentions and ideas, which, as expressed on platform and in print, coincided with the wishes of the people, but they were naturally, though unfortunately, vague as to practical remedies. The people thought best to trust the affairs of the nation in the hands of these new men of brave ideals, because they were not identified in any way with the past *régime*. It is, of course, rank heresy at the moment to say so, but there have always been men high in rank in the United States Government who have given to the nation the best

that was in them, with an unselfish devotion and ability unequalled in any other walk of life. These men went down with the others, however, for they had breathed the same air as the spoilsmen and the vendor of special privileges to the few, hence were deemed tainted.

Thus it came about that the Government in all its branches passed into the hands of those to whom all was new, whose energies had been concerned heretofore with their private affairs, or with a limited field of local politics into which no questions of great national import or international significance entered. This occurred at a time of unrest and change. The foreign relations of the United States were of unusual interest and importance; proceedings were under way for the reorganization of great industries under paternal government eye; the tariff was to be revised, currency laws to be changed, the Monroe Doctrine was under severe scrutiny as to its boundaries and its responsibilities, the foreign trade of America was changing its complexion, and, in fact, the entire nation was apparently on the point of adopting a revised idea of existence. It is difficult to conceive of a time when broad statesmanship and grasp of American affairs at home and abroad were more needed to carry the country through the storm successfully.

The direction of affairs was placed by the ballot in the hands of men whose purposes were admittedly sincere, but who were, unfortunately, amateurs at the great game. The new administration began auspiciously, and the nation, satisfied that it had done well for itself, awaited results. These have followed swiftly, but not exactly the results hoped for. The cumulative testimony of Democrats, Republicans, and non-partisans alike is already to the effect that the amateur and the schoolmaster, no matter how high the

ideals or sincere the purpose, is lacking in essentials necessary to a successful navigation of a great ship of State. The Press at the beginning was inclined to support the new government, regardless of party affiliations; but as each member of President Wilson's cabinet, with only one or two exceptions, has committed some blunder of speech or administration, the unqualified support of this non-partisan Press—and nearly all of the great American journals are non-partisan—has been alienated.

The President sends his Secretary of State and others chasing about the country on fruitless errands of pacification; together they find the nation drawn deeper and deeper into the turgid and stinking pool of Central American politics; the American diplomatic corps in Europe and elsewhere has lost heart and organization through neglect and non-appreciation of its importance to the nation as a whole, and the voice of America in foreign affairs is rendered negligible. The Law Department of the Government is exhausting itself in the unreasoning prosecution of great combinations of industry, the sole agencies through which American foreign trade can successfully meet its foreign competitors. With the Congress of the United States in perpetual session, revising the tariff and the currency, the Vice-President in a recent speech suggests that if American business men would only forget for ten years that Congress was in session, all would be well with the business world.

Great reforms are only brought about in the United States, as in most other countries, through violent agitation; and, as is invariably the case, the agitation leads to measures unnecessarily stringent. The pendulum overthrows its balance and reaction follows. It has been true in the past also that the period of reaction has

been so violent as to nullify much of the good accomplished, lead to renewed public indifference, and give opportunity for abuse of privilege to again entrench itself. So long as people govern themselves, and a majority of the voters remain human, this will continue, but with this gain, that the pendulum on its return never quite reaches the point from which it started to swing back. That constitutes the measure of beneficial accomplishment. There is a general movement throughout the world for the betterment of the mass of mankind, a rising tide of pure democracy. Under one guise or another, it is a fight against special privileges of the few at the expense of the many. In America it has taken the form of a vigorous protest against the spoils system in politics and the power of vast aggregations of wealth; in China the destruction of an ancient and moribund dynasty; in England a rebellion against inherited and acquired power, property supremacy, and the subjection of women; in Japan the organization of labor to meet the autocratic employer; and so on to the end of the list. Sifted to the bottom, any one of these situations will yield a belief on the part of the people that the rights of humanity rise superior to the rights of property, and the triumph of this belief in all forms of government is now obviously only a matter of time. It will come sooner or later everywhere, and the politician who espouses the opposite cause will go down to the rubbish heap in company with the system of basing the governing power upon unearned increment, now being so rapidly discarded.

The people of the United States are not bound by tradition, nor are any precedents so binding that they cannot be broken. The temperament of the American people is vigorous even to a point of violence. It is a land of big things, mental and spiritual as

well as physical. This is geographic, climatic, racial, and natural to a newness of established order. On the other hand, a vast majority of the American people are intelligent, unusually well educated considering their individual resources, and possessed of a practical vision which quickly penetrates fraud or charlatanism. In other words, the nation as a whole is possessed of a goodly supply of shrewd common sense. It is not a slow and calculating quality in this case, and many mistakes are made, but are righted with equal swiftness when the sham is exposed.

The keynote of the life of America is optimism. Public spirit is buoyant and hopeful. There is no lack of reason for this. The natural resources of the country are amazing; the distribution of wealth is general, notwithstanding the existence of great individual fortunes and aggregations of capital; and, above all, the nation has passed through many disturbances of such character and of such violence as would have destroyed any structure less firmly put together, or with foundations less logical or less righteous. The history of America is a tribute to the permanency of a social structure built from plans predicated upon the equal rights of the individual, man, woman, or child.

There has evolved among a certain class of people in the United States, and in other countries as well, a peculiar standard of business morality, which may be described as one lacking in humanity. Men whose personal standards are of the highest have come to look upon the nation as a community to be "worked," or, in other words, to pay tribute to financial genius strong enough to secure such tribute. This has led to instances of over-capitalization, certain forms of monopoly evil, and the development of a theory which, briefly expressed, re-

sents interference on the part of the community with the management of so-called private property. As the late president of a great railroad once expressed it, "This road belongs to the shareholders, and we have a right to run it as we see fit." The man who said that had lost sight of two great ideas now well to the front in the public mind. The first of these is that all enterprises based upon natural monopoly are quasi-public functions. The second is that the welfare and rights of humanity—it is a temptation to use the phrase helpless humanity—are superior to those of property. The English people may be said to have the same question before them fundamentally in their treatment of great landlords and the so-called hereditary ruling class. In both countries and in both cases the alleged attack upon property and acquired special privileges has caused great surprise and indignation among those in possession; but protest as they may, the surging tide of the rights of man will not be stayed. It is another case of King Canute. The wiser of this class have seen the inevitable, acknowledged the error of their point of view, and are working successfully in harmony with this new life, with profit to themselves and to the community.

In the din and confusion resulting from this readjustment of working standards we are apt to lose sight of certain things. A well-built house shakes and shivers in the wind, and the noise of falling chimneys is terrifying, but when the storm is passed there are no signs of weakness in the foundations, and it takes but little effort or time to repair the damage. In the United States there are nearly one hundred million people, less than fifteen per cent of whom are foreign born. The affairs of the nation—political, financial, and industrial, are largely in the hands of the Anglo-

Saxon of advanced type. Even the immigrant who comes to America is fed and educated until he becomes a different being from his forebears. The land itself, reaching as it does three thousand miles east and west, and nearly that north and south, is as varied in its possibilities as the range of the temperate zone will allow. Education, religion, and self-improvement are strongly entrenched in individual and community life. It is also a fact that this very buoyancy and optimism of the people has at times lent itself to those who have successfully discounted the future in their over-capitalizations.

The news of America comes to Europe from New York City, the gambling centre whose politics, finance, and sentiments are alien to those of the country as a whole. The attention of the president of one of the great industrial organizations of Western America was once called to the violent fluctuations in the price of shares of his company on the New York Stock Exchange. He shrugged his shoulders, and said: "I never know just what our shares are being sold at. This company is a favorite football of the market. We never pay any attention to this, for the property itself furnishes no reason for such variation, and we are quite satisfied with things as they are and as they promise for the future. A majority of the shares are in safe hands, and that is all we care to know. What happens to the rest of the shares is a matter of indifference to the majority owners; and, of course, it is a well-known fact that more shares in this company are bought and sold every week of the year than could possibly be secured for actual transfer."

A real panic seriously affects America as a whole, for credit is a very large element in all American enterprises. The collapse of 1893 was a de-

flation beneficial in the end, but widely disastrous while it lasted. The panics of 1897 and 1903 were money panics, and as such affected seriously only the Eastern cities where congregate the middlemen and the parasites of industry and finance. It is an axiom that there can be no really great panic in the United States unless it has been preceded by three bad crop failures. The wealth of America comes out of the ground, and at the present moment there are no signs of even the first crop failure, which might be counted as number one of the ominous series necessary to a real disaster. The foreign trade of the United States is at high tide and still rising, the figures of each year exceeding those of the year preceding. In the finances of the Government there is no suggestion of anxiety. Foreign travel on the part of Americans is greater than ever—an excellent barometer of easy money at home. The business of the railroads grows amazingly, and the output of great industries is recorded in increasing figures. All this means that there need be no lack of faith in the future of the American people, nor of the land itself. Any existing distrust of American affairs must logically be confined to possible daily fluctuations upon the Stock Exchange, and is indicative of the nervousness of the gambler rather than the permanent investor. Pessimism breeds pessimism; men in the street are but parrots and mimics when it comes to opinions on finance, and the "bear" always finds a score of willing tale-bearers to ape his troubled looks and repeat his whispers of foreboding.

The troubles of America are more superficial than those of any other great nation, for America is sound at heart, spiritually, industrially, and financially. That these troubles, superficial though they may be when the state of the nation as a whole is con-

sidered are serious, is undeniable. The effort of politicians to become great heroes of reform is not only doing away with acknowledged evils, but incidentally destroying much that has taken years of intelligent labor to construct. The situation resembles the state of a householder who, having sent for the fire department to extinguish a small blaze, finds the contents of the entire house apparently ruined by the floods of water and the axes of the willing firemen. The damage is not as great as appearances indicate, but it is serious enough to cause dismay on the part of the owner and the onlooker.

The legal department of the Government at Washington, in its efforts to keep up a fight against "Big Business," resembles the militant suffragist pursuing a window-breaking campaign after the purpose that might have been intended originally has been thwarted by lack of novelty and the boredom of the public. There were undoubted evils in connection with the conduct of the affairs of all the great American industrial combinations—sins against public policy—but they were sins committed in self-defence or self-aggrandizement, and condoned by the public and the law for so many years that they became an acknowledged part of a system. It was unquestionably possible to correct these errors without the sudden, merciless, and unintelligent attacks upon industry as a whole which have marked this era of alleged reform. In the end violence reacts upon itself, and the public suffers rather than benefits, as is already apparent.

In Washington at the present time the American nation is conducting at enormous cost a practical school of politics and statecraft. To this school have been sent a lot of ambitious, well-intentioned men, ignorant of the practical workings of the machinery of

government, without consciousness of foreign affairs, and with all the pedagogical instinct of the teacher rather than the willingness of the pupil to learn. It was a dangerous experiment to put the gigantic forces of a great nation into the hands of amateurs for practice purposes, and but for the immutability of the great Government machine such an experiment might easily bring about irretrievable disaster to the country. Speech and action are two widely separated functions at Washington, however. The routine of legislation moves slowly. No whirlwind of enthusiasm or outbreak of rage can force a law into being on the impulse of a moment. The checks and counter-checks provided by wise builders of government in earlier days still hold the country steady, even in the most dangerous places. The machinery of a great Department presents to the new and inexperienced secretary a passive resistance against innovations, be they good or bad, which in the end gives little chance for marked or rapid changes. In some cases this has worked against public policy; in others it has saved the nation from the possible effects of serious blunders. At the moment it serves as a damper upon new and untried theories and makes for conservatism and safety. No stronger argument could be presented to the public in favor of caution in changing the present American system of government than the realization which is growing, that all standing between safety and excess is this very cumbersomeness, as it has been termed, of the present elective and administrative methods. It is doubtful whether the proposals to elect United States Senators by direct vote, and to introduce the optional recall of judges from the bench, will gain in urgency with radicals in power, as they might if the ultra-conservatism of an older régime were still at the helm.

While it is true that neither the President of the United States nor a member of his Cabinet has the power of an unconstitutional monarch, or even a Prime Minister, it is possible for either of them to involve the country in grave difficulties. No war can be declared except by Congress, and there are no executive powers which cannot be held in restraint by one form or another of legislative action, but blunders can be made which might render a situation difficult to retrieve. For the United States to go to war against Mexico could only result from unpardonable awkwardness in the handling of any controversy which might arise. The United States has a free hand in dealing with its neighbor. The jealousies of no other Power can interfere. There is no disputed authority in the handling of this unruly member of the American family, and whether in the end Mexico remains a really independent State, or becomes, as in the case of Cuba, a thinly-disguised American possession, is a matter in which the United States alone is concerned, and for which she alone is responsible, always providing that foreigners and foreign property are safe within Mexican borders; for this is a police function naturally assumed in the vigorous pursuit of the doctrine of Monroe.

In November, 1914, there will be a new House of Representatives elected. It is already freely predicted that the Republicans will return to power in that branch of Congress at that election. If so it will mean simply that the voters are disappointed in the results of their experiment of 1912, and have decided to put a party check upon the activities of a Government now entirely Democratic, and possibly turn them out of power altogether in 1916. It is extremely unlikely that the candidates for election to the Presidency in 1916, either Republican or Demo-

cratic, will be chosen from the cloistered life, for the American nation is not an academic body. It wants a swift and sure Executive, with a nice sense of balance between theory and possible practice. A curious instance of a lack of balance in the other direction is found in Governor Sulzer of New York State, who has apparently outraged the sense of decency expected by Americans of their public officials, and who may be forcibly returned to private life by the process of impeachment.

One salient reason for the appearance of small men in big places in the national political life of America at the present time lies in now more or less ancient history concerned with the free silver campaigns of 1896 and 1900. When the free silver advocates secured control of the Democratic party organization, practically all of the gold-standard Democrats were drawn into the Republican party, retired from politics altogether, or were ousted from any position of importance in the organization, national or local. With them retired most of the brains and dignity of the party. The smaller and less responsible party workers came to the surface and have remained there. In the sixteen years since 1896, the Democratic party has not been really reorganized, and has not fully succeeded in securing to its organization the adherence of the quality of men lost during its years of wandering from straight and narrow economic paths. President Wilson's nomination was secured by the aid of W. J. Bryan, now Secretary of State, and his radical following, thus leading to a preponderance of the Bryan element among those recognized for appointments by the new administration. Few commanding figures stand out among them, and the men forced upon the party by this condition afforded slim material out of which to create a great

government administration. Of diplomats there were none available to fill important posts, and the rank and file of hungry office-seekers were born of the days when the party of protest adopted the free coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one of gold as a panacea for all ills, and drew to its support all of those who were waiting impatiently outside the walls of prosperity for some man-wrought miracle to open the gates.

There is no large leisure class of ability and property in America seeking politics as a diversion or a patriotic occupation. The returns of office are not sufficient to draw men from other important occupations, hence the vast majority of those presenting themselves are either seekers after a job, or those to whom the glamor of Government employment appeals as a relief from the dullness of academic shades or the drudgery of literary work. Americans are idealistic as to the purposes of government, and the quality of men who should administer it; but they are intensely practical as well, and popular approval goes to the men who can, as the saying goes, "deliver the goods." The qualities necessary to fill these requirements are much more likely to be discovered in the successful man of affairs who has ideals, than the man with ideals who has no affairs.

The present political situation in America has much to do with the already noted foreign distrust of matters American, hence it is important to grasp the fact that the disorganization of the present is but a surface agitation, severe in character, it is true, but not affecting in any harmful way the well-laid foundations of the nation in its business or its character. All enterprises well grounded upon legitimate production and supply will weather the storm successfully, and all underlying securities based upon these en-

terprises will hold their face values in the end. That greatest Monte Carlo in all the world, the New York Stock Exchange, will continue its transactions, based upon the ups and downs of daily rumor, manufactured and otherwise, until the law requires that all sales shall be *bona fide* and deliveries shall be taken. On that day the report of the share market will resemble the story of the gate receipts of the great racecourses of New York when betting was finally abolished and the attendance fell away from tens of thousands to a handful of men who were interested in racing because of the horses, and not because of the quotations. Every piece of real property in the United States is worth more to-day than it was ten years ago; the physical plant of every great industrial enterprise, from railroad to mill, is to-day more valuable as a dividend-producer than it ever was, if it has been well managed and kept up to the mark. The wants of one hundred million people are greater than those of seventy million, and to supply these wants means at least thirty per cent more business.

The recent reduction of import duties will give Europeans a better chance of business in America than they have ever before been offered, and will, at the same time, unquestionably stimulate the productive power of the American people. The country is too big, too rich, too self-contained, and inhabited by too energetic, forceful, and ambitious a people to remain supine under any difficulties which are hinted at now, or can be foreseen for the future. The American who has backed an optimistic faith in his country with money and energy has ever come out on top. The pessimist and the whiner have lost, and will continue to lose. The foreigner who seeks opportunities in America, or who, having found them, fears for his ventures, need but

exercise his patience and have faith, for his interests are being jealously guarded by a people whose very lives and liberties are at stake as well as their property.

The late James G. Blaine, when advised by his managers to withdraw from the Presidential contest, briefly replied, "God hates a quitter." The American people are not quitters, and they are working out the greatest experiment in a government by a people, for a people, the world has ever seen. This experiment is worth watching, for
The Fortnightly Review.

it is founded on a plea for human rights, and from the results the world has much to gain both for humanity and for material progress. At this time, when criticism of America and American affairs are rather the vogue, the spiritual and material prospects of the country and its people were never brighter. The very throes through which the nation is passing are but the casting out of devils, some of whom are most fetching in their borrowed robes of white and haloes of reform.

James Davenport Whelpley.

RECENT GERMAN FICTION.

If anyone still doubt that love is going out of fashion, a bird's-eye view of the German book-market (fictional department) may help to convince him. Once more it is literally crowded with books which call themselves novels, but each of which is so burdened by its "message" and in such a hurry to deliver it, that mere human affections have got to take a second, and third—and sometimes no place at all. Here we have the enthusiastically national, the speculatively philosophical, the social-political, the psycho-pathological, the semi-scientific novel; while the love-story, pure and simple, survives only in isolated specimens, and will at this rate soon be as definitely extinct as any prehistoric monster. In turns we are implored, or admonished, to change either our politics or our creed, to refuse obedience to our husbands while exacting none from our children, to live the simple life, or hob-nob with our housemaids and coachmen, generally to rid ourselves of prejudices and turn our principles inside out, being promised the agreeable discovery that—much as a turned petticoat—they will wear quite as well on the other side. But as for Romeo and Juliet,

Paul and Virginie, and all those other men and women who were lovers first and everything else a long way afterwards—scarcely the mention of their existence. And this from the most sentimental nation in Europe!

Of course there is the sexual novel. But no one out of his or her teens confounds this with the love-story; and, as a rule, this particular department is abandoned to enterprising beginners, who usually start with the fixed idea that indecency and genius are interchangeable terms, while the masters of the craft prefer either to philosophize or to preach. Perhaps this signifies an advance for literature. Far be it from me to deny. Yet one thing can I take upon myself to declare that it is *not*—namely, restful. Time was when a novel was considered a means of mental relaxation. But "*nous avons changé tout cela.*" For the tired intellectual worker, to pick up at the close of the day a book calling itself a novel, and to find in its pages, thinly disguised, the same political or social business problem which his fagged brains have been wrestling with since morning, is anything but repose—more indeed like a whip lashing a tired

horse. And lucky may he account himself if it be not a bucket of cold water emptied upon his most cherished ideals, or a fire-brand, burning to consume the beliefs on which he has been reared.

One of the—very much qualified—exceptions to this rule is furnished by Elisabeth von Heyking, the creator of those *Letters which did not reach him*, but which certainly reached more readers of all nationalities than almost any other book of its season. *Ille mihi* is the somewhat far-fetched title she has chosen this time, and which she sees herself obliged laboriously to expound.

"As the words stand here (in a dilapidated inscription on the wall of an ancient Florentine villa) they signify 'This to me.' But doubtless they are the fragments of the Horatian saying 'Ille terrarum mihi preter omnes angulus ridet'—Among all nooks of the earth this one greets me with laughter."

It is not until the last page of the novel that the application becomes apparent; and it is only the wrecks of their happiness which Wolf and Ilse bring to the harbor of this Florentine villa.

If I range *Ille mihi* among the love-stories it is not because it is that alone. With almost as much right it might be called a political pamphlet; all depends upon the point of view. But considering that all its events turn upon that obsolete thing, a great passion, I have preferred to give it the benefit of the doubt.

The first part, indeed, is genuine story-telling, although with a background which is in itself a theme, and marked by a ruthlessness of exposure which proclaims the broad outlook of the travelled mind. Elizabeth von Heyking does not spare either her compatriots or her country; yet I doubt whether they will resent it, for even while the shafts of her irony are flying

thickest, you remain aware that she is proud both of it and of them. That Prussian harshness for which geographical position is partly responsible, kneaded hard by the constant pressure of surrounding enemies, never relaxing sufficiently to allow the cult of the beautiful to flourish, is a good thing to make fun of, and our authoress makes excellent fun of it, and yet concludes in its favor. Theophil von Zehren, the bottle-shouldered impersonification of a rigorous sense of duty, and his awful mother (*born* von Sasenack) with the elephantine features and the sly eyes—the whole clan of Zehren-Kummerfelde and Zehren-Kaudan, including the unfortunate Mechtildis with the nine daughters, whose phenomenal plainness is too much even for the anything but æsthetic tastes of marriageable *Junkers*—they are all individually almost repulsive, yet collectively well-nigh imposing—a power to be reckoned with. As a certain Italian Countess says of them:

All these are in their way excellent people, but they lack that grace which softens the angles of life. We foreigners are particularly struck by the rarity of inborn amiability in this country.

Theophil, to whom Ilse repeats the remark, declares:

We have no need to be thought amiable; it is enough if we are feared. Amiability always seems to me suspicious, there is something Jesuitical about it. It is not one of those virtues through which Prussia has grown great.

No, that it certainly is not. The pages of *Ille mihi* bristle with excellently hit-off touches of Prussian arrogance. Take, for instance, Frau von Zehren's entry into the drawing-room of an Ambassador's wife:

Frau von Zehren threw one single, inquisitorial glance upon the guests, and instantly in her mind classified them—

correctly and contemptuously—as “Non-Prussians.”

And even the two old chanoinesses, who, although Zehrens, are weak enough to give way to occasional movements of kindness, contribute their item. “We must not forget,” they say leniently, in answer to a criticism of the Italian Countess above-mentioned, “we must not forget that she is not a German.”

Nor does the typically German “cringe” before authority escape Elizabeth von Heyking’s scourge. The most purely delightful specimen of this is the answer given by the wife of a councillor to the wife of a Minister: “How strange that I should meet you here,” the Minister’s wife has just said, “for last night I actually dreamed of you.” Whereupon the “lesser” woman half rose in her chair, with a hasty inclination, submissively murmuring “But, Your Excellency, that would have been my duty!”

Into this highly specialized *milieu* the youthful Ilse has been cast by a short-sighted father, anxious only to see her provided for. She is not of the Zehren make, and therefore has no chance against them. Brimful of what she considers to be her “mission,” she attempts to take her part in the government of the vast establishment, to make herself indispensable to her bottle-shouldered husband, only to find herself superfluous on both these fields. The elephantine mother-in-law has no idea of yielding up the reins either of her store-room or of her son. By degrees Ilse discovers that all she was wanted for was to provide the requisite heir; and when a year has passed without the desired end being reached, the contemptuous eyes and pursed lips of all the Zehrens to the tenth degree tell her that she is a failure. When at last the hope arises, it is only to be destroyed by an accident which nearly costs Ilse her life, and from this moment on all hope of averting the

fiasco of her marriage is abandoned.

This, of course, is the juncture at which the inevitable “third” has to step in. It is equally inevitable, in this case, that he should be a diplomat; else how should Elizabeth von Heyking find opportunity for unpacking a few more of those diplomatic reminiscences which may be said to be her *spécialité*?

It is only from the moment that Wolf von Walden steps into her life that Ilse can be said to live. The struggle between duty and passion is sharp but brief, and is terminated by a cleaner cut than is usual with such things. Ilse’s naïve appeal to her husband to give her back her freedom is met by stony silence, and it requires the sacrifice of her fortune to obtain the desired divorce.

And now begins the long martyrdom of Ilse and Wolf—the way of thorns they have to tread, with bleeding feet, bleeding hearts, and which yet becomes almost a flowery path because trodden side by side. Pursued by the revengeful hatred of the mighty clan of Zehrens, cold-shouldered by the uncompromising Prussian society, which cannot forgive him for having married a divorced woman, Wolf von Walden has to fight every step of his upward way. For years the two are tossed about from one obscure post to the other, rich in risks and exhausting work, and poor in all chances of distinction. Their healths are undermined, their child falls a victim to a malignant climate; the comforts of the age, the amenities of society scarcely exist for the exiles. Yet they do not complain, but through it all cling to each other like two shipwrecked beings, their mutual support being compensation enough. This is why, despite its unmistakable “purpose,” *Ille mihi* deserves to be ranged among love-tales.

It is in this latter portion of the book that the “purpose” emerges.

Here we are afforded more than one glimpse of the machinery of diplomacy, and of those wheels within wheels which, while grinding out the fortunes of nations, likewise grind to powder so many private existences.

This is what they did with that of Wolf von Walden. When after years of inglorious slaving his first chance comes, it is only to be hurled down from the height which he had climbed with such difficulty, and upon which his foot slips so quickly. Here, into the face of the German Government, the accusation is quite openly flung of exposing its representatives and then dropping them hastily, under the influence either of panic or of vacillation. In his new post Wolf has found a combination of circumstances presenting a favorable chance, ready to be seized. Having reported his observations, he receives a reply which encourages him to convey an *ultimatum* to the Republican State at which he is accredited. The fever of mingled expectation and exultation with which the result is awaited—as well as the result itself—finds expression in a scene which is the best in the book.

Nobody at the Legation could carry on any occupation that day. One stood about and waited; every moment the answer of the Republican Government could be expected. . . . From time to time Wolf secretly consulted his watch. Not only had no answer come from the Republican Government, but his telegraphic report to Berlin was as yet unacknowledged. . . . Everyone was glad of the pretext of having to dress for dinner, so as to be able to retire; for ever more oppressively did the suspense weigh. . . . Now that the naval officers had withdrawn Ilse still stood for a space in the garden, alone with Wolf. How often in after-days was she to think back of this moment! The tiny humming-birds shot past her and buried their long, sharp beaks and their whole gleaming heads in the purple and orange-colored canna

blossoms. The buzz of the birds, the chirp of the grasshoppers were the only sounds; otherwise it was as still all around them as though they stood not in a town garden, but on a solitary *hacienda*, redeemed from the primeval forest. . . . They re-entered the house. And this too Ilse was to remember in after-days—how, being dressed, she had stood for a moment before the mirror, making fast a sprig of golden-brown orchids, which matched her hair and her great brown eyes so well. A little pale and transparent she too had become during these years in the tropics, though less so than Wolf; but it was still a charming image that smiled back at her. A little home air would soon bring back the former freshness, but, above all, Wolf's success; and that stood close now, almost within touch. Ah, life was beautiful after all, with all its excitements and all its great aims!

Radiantly she entered her husband's dressing-room, where he waited for her. Just then there was a knock at the door. A servant handed a despatch to the Minister. He tore it open.

"Ah, at last! From home!" cried Wolf, relieved. "A good thing that I brought the *chiffre* up with me! Help me, Ilse; perhaps we can decipher it before the guests arrive. It is not long."

She was already kneeling on a footstool, and looking up in the handbook the figures which he read to her out of the telegram, and of which he jotted down the translation under each number in turn.

"013," dictated Wolf. "Non valeur," answered Ilse. "580"—"In," "6034"—"the interest," "1313"—"of the service," "607"—"and," "157"—"by highest command."

Wolf was now looking over Ilse's shoulder; the thing was not going fast enough, and it was so strange a beginning. With shaking hands, turning the pages ever more hastily, they read on together: "You are removed from your present post, and recommended to take a long leave of absence for reasons of health, after handing over the affairs of the Legation to Baron Lœnval."

They had both turned of an ashy pallor, and stared at each other with wide eyes. Then suddenly, requiring a hold, Ilse grasped at the man's shoulders, and in a completely changed voice—the voice of a frightened child—she sobbed out loud "Wolf, Wolf! What does it mean?" And he could only answer her with another question, which he kept repeating mechanically: "But why? But why all this?"

Through the open windows the evening breeze, blowing in, put out the candles on the toilet-table. In the dark room the two now stood, closely pressed against each other. They spoke no word; but each held the other fast, in a common terror of all that was not themselves—of all that dark incomprehensibility which in this hour was striking into them its treacherous claws.

There came another knock; and they started apart, and had the sensation of having stood thus for a whole eternity. The same servant who, a few minutes ago, had brought the telegram again stood in the doorway and announced "The officers are assembled in the drawing-room, and the first carriages are just entering the garden."

"We are coming at once," answered Wolf. Automatically he locked up the *chiffre* case in a drawer, folded up the telegram and put it in his pocket. "Now let us go down," he said to Ilse; and at the door he still held her fast for a moment, to say "Before the strangers we are silent, of course."

Wolf retains enough moral strength to make a worthy exit; but on the voyage back his shaken constitution succumbs, his overworked brain gives way, and he reaches Germany only to find refuge in an asylum. It is to Ilse's indefatigable and lovingly intelligent care that the doctors attribute the miracle of the stricken man's mental recovery; though more than a year passes before, leaning on her shoulder, he is able to cross the threshold of his prison and to face life again, right over the ruins of his shattered career. It is to the Florentine villa with the Hora-

tian inscription that the two much tried lovers flee as to a haven. In this same villa they had sat on their wedding-day, and within its inviting walls Wolf had for a moment felt the impulse to let his career go and to live only for his happiness. It was Ilse who, knowing well that the energy within him demanded an outlet, had waved off the dream and spurred him back to his place in the world. And now they are returned to this same spot which they need never have left, and which, though it can no longer greet their broken lives with laughter, is still able to smile at them—even through tears.

Whether this reflection is intended to point a moral is not quite clear. More likely the book has been written for the sake of the accusation above mentioned. Elizabeth von Heyking, though enthusiastically German, is evidently not pleased with the German Government, which for her taste is far too modest and retiring, far too little aggressive, in fact. Thus, into the mouth of an old sea-captain she puts the remark:

I should like at least to keep my old boat afloat until I see our flag waving here. On many a coast others build their nests, while we are only the guests. And yet we too need coaling stations.

And someone else says:

There is nothing to be coveted here; but in other parts of the world there have been other chances, which we have most thoroughly missed.

In this one point the authoress drops that diplomatic method—fruit of long years of habit—which wraps up her meaning in those words which, as we all know, have been given to us to disguise our thoughts. But as a rule she is evidently of opinion that even a transparent veil is better than no veil at all. No country except Germany is ever mentioned by name. England is

"The country which all over the world sows discord"; while the United States figure as "The Power of whom lately one likewise begins to be afraid." The tropical Republic over which Walden comes to fall, though never named, is easily identified as Venezuela.

The "message" of the book may fitly be summed up in the urgent need for colonial expansion. As such, at any rate, it has been greeted by the German Press—in itself an instructive circumstance.

If the story last under discussion was a cross between a love-tale and the nationalist pamphlet, *Volk wider Volk* ("Nation against Nation"), by Walter Bloem, belongs to the latter class alone. To be sure there are love-stories here too—three of them, in fact—but in the interest of the reader's night's rest, it is perhaps fortunate that they should be so completely irrelevant, since they all three end with points of interrogation. Even the most prominent of these idylls—the loves of Gaston de Perceval and Leonore Reutlinger—is so obviously planned with the object of proving that a German woman need not necessarily deteriorate because she loves a Frenchman, as to lose all personal elements. And the same idea is aimed at in the case of Leonore's brother, who has become the lover of a Paris chorus-girl, and through her almost a Frenchman. What both these cases appear to illustrate and what makes it worth while to signalize this book among the inexhaustible flood of German "war novels," is the obvious effort at tolerance. If we read the author's intentions aright, he has with infinite mental pains attempted to hoist himself on to a platform which soars above nationalities, from whose height the difference of uniforms is no longer discernible, and only human qualities remain visible. He has not always succeeded in keep-

ing to the heights aimed at. However honestly anxious he may be to veil his German self-satisfaction, the truth occasionally peeps out from under the cloak of modesty. Yet the intention in itself is commendable, as well as the scrupulous avoidance of the arrogant note, so common to German trumpets. At moments, in fact, Bloem appears almost comically afraid of treading upon French corns; at others becomes almost wearisome in his repetitions that a Frenchman can really and actually be accounted the equal of a German. If the result sometimes looks as though he were patting the Frenchman on the back and comforting the poor fellow for not being a German, it really is not Herr Bloem's fault, but only the fault of that chauvinism in which he has been bred, and above which he strives so gallantly to rise.

The effort first becomes apparent in the scene in which Karl Eugen Reutlinger, who has had to quit the German army because of a little affair with a forged cheque, finding his prayer for reinstatement spurned, even in the stress of war, cries his bitter humiliation to Ellante, in whose arms he has sought the only forgetfulness attainable:

"Ellante! Ellante! I have no more fatherland!"

Whereupon Ellante draws him to the window and shows him sleeping Paris.

"Voilà ta patrie!" said Ellante.

And a rumbling and a humming set up in Karl Eugen's brain and heart. It was as though the very foundations of his being were collapsing, swept away by the wild floods of fate, and as though from out of the wrecks borne seawards something new and unknown arose—an island of salvation, shaken by storms, washed by waves, and yet firm land—

Ah, could that indeed be? A new home? A new fatherland? One that could be earned?

And later on:

Strange! The longer he wore the French disguise the more plainly he felt in himself the wonderful effect of the uniform: a transformation of the kernel through the shell, of the essence through the form, of the soul through the covering. And he was glad of it. He had no choice but to become a Frenchman; since he wore the *pareuse* he felt that he was actually becoming one.

But of course counterweights to these sentiments are not wanting. For instance, the reflections made by Gaston de Perceval in the compartment of a train leaving Paris and which had just raced through a rain of Prussian bullets.

She was not looking at him at all; her gaze was turned in the direction from where those deadly greetings had come. Towards there her eyes looked with an expression of yearning, of welcome, and round her bleached lips lay a smile, a smile of secret rejoicing, of unconscious triumph—a victor's smile.

And, icy cold, a grim consciousness clutched at Gaston's heart. That one there was a German, a stranger, an enemy. So abruptly did understanding come over him that in the self-same moment, with a pitiless clearness, he felt: "I love her, and she is the enemy."

But the real value of the book, as of its predecessor, *Das Eiserne Jahr*, lies in the marvellously vivid descriptions, which remain impressed upon the reader's brain, more as pictures seen than as accounts read. It is quite conceivable that an attentive peruser of *Volk wider Volk* might in after years be puzzled to say whether he had actually witnessed Gambetta's start from beleaguered Paris, or only read about it. The yellow, wide-bellied spectre balancing in the storm; the small, lively man with the big nose and the woollen cap drawn over his ears, gesticulating vivaciously as he advances

towards it, take body before our eyes. We seem to be standing among the spectators:

And as the boat carefully and hesitatingly freed itself from the earth, as the yellow monster-pear, fettered only by the ropes which a hundred strained fists held fast, its underside harshly illuminated, dipped into the blackness of the starless night, a prey to each snorting breath of the storm, an anguish indescribable took hold of the hearts of the lookers-on. To each one it seemed as though that which was dearest to him on earth cowered in that frail ship, ready to vanish into the horrors of the Unknown. No one took pains to suppress the sob which, from the depth of his soul, rose to his throat and right up against his closed teeth.

And then the solemn command: "Lâchez tout!"

Among the battle-pieces with which the book abounds, the defence of a cemetery outside Beaune best deserves quotation, if only because it embodies the author's views about war in the abstract. Its horrors are painted with a broad brush, with "naught extenuated"; and yet *Volk wider Volk* is not a book to please the Peace-at-any-price people, as the following will show:

Strange! As Alfred, from his higher position upon the ruins of the chapel, could take in the whole scene—the hillocks over which lay the gray clouds of the enemy's batteries, the houses and mills and depressions of soil, behind which the infantry of the assailants were doubtless gathering for a fresh attack; and here, cowering against the last poor remains of the enclosing wall, this handful of invincibles, all bespattered to the shoulders with clay and earth, mixed with the shattered bones of the long-dead—as he overlooked all this incomprehensible, this unfathomable, spectacle of human rage and human obduracy, every, even the faintest, feeling of personal danger was blotted out, and nothing remained but a nameless sensation of wonder. It seemed no longer

himself who was living through this experience—his "I" had sunk deep, deep down; and, for the first time during the campaign, he felt his individuality merged into the conception of this titanic fight. Here it was no longer single men that stood against single men, no longer regiments and divisions against regiments and divisions; here it was nation that faced nation, fatherland against fatherland, wrestling for their highest ideals, for the fullest blossoms of human virtues—over here and over there. . . .

Yes, that which over there was ranging itself for a new heroic attack, and that which here cowered stubborn in heroic defence—these two nations, they were worthy of each other. That men so fought, were capable of so fighting—therein lay the deep, the sacred significance of this awful battle of nations. Loyalty unto death, self-sacrificing heroism—to produce these; to keep these alive and uphold them, high above the pettiness of daily life, in the midst of a thousand temptations of egoistical enjoyment, of pitiable slavery to comfort—this was war's humanizing, its undying mission.

Hark! The thunder of the enemy's artillery fell abruptly silent, as though blotted out; and for the space of a second there reigned a silence solemn and oppressive, as nothing before felt. And already in the next second there came from Captain Feiges' lips the sharp command, "Up!"

Then they rose from out of their heaps of rubbish, these dumb fellows, their black cloaks, their faces and hands encrusted with mud and stone-fragments and splinters of bones, and without further command each face turned towards the enemy. . . . And see, there they came—a blue wall from the west, a gray one from the south. Far in advance the leaders, with drawn swords; then, in a long thin line, the officers. A muffled "En avant!" rolled along the whole advancing line; and the compact battalions followed. Shrilly over their heads a hundred trumpets were clang-

ing out the signal, "Attack!" Thus the whole moved onwards—one body, one being, one will. . . .

In a hypnotized silence the defenders stared at the unhindered advance of this enemy, whose strength to their own was as twenty to one. Each of the three hundred and fifty rifles was pointed at the assailants; the eyes, taking aim over the marker, saw the wall of the enemy growing and ever growing; each right hand was at the trigger, yet no shot fell; barely did the breath dare to raise the breast; even the heart-beat seemed checked in the strained listening for the delivering word of command.

There at last, with the sharpness of a knifeblade, it came: "Four hundred paces—fire!"

And in the same instant the splendid spectacle of the audacious attack had vanished, wiped away by a fire-streaked cloud of tough, yellow smoke.

But the west wind had risen, and, blowing back the haze over the heads of the defenders, unveiled the battlefield.

Was it possible? They were not annihilated, not razed from the earth? They drew nearer, ever nearer! Upright, sword in hand, half turning in the saddle, the leaders still led the way—only that there were not so many of them now. Here and there a horse rolled convulsively on the ground, and over its quivering body the assailants stormed forwards. Single men—the bravest among the brave—pressed onward into the line of the officers, waving their rifles over their heads defiantly, and for every man that fell another sprang to his place. . . .

Nearer, and ever nearer—two hundred paces—a hundred and fifty paces—already the leaders are at no more than eighty metres' distance; the white of their bloodshot eyes, of their wildly clenched teeth, is visible. Now each single man becomes a target; two and three balls tear him down. . . .

"Courage! Courage!" the leaders yell, and yell the foremost fighters, and the thousands behind them answer with a roar. In vain! The horses break down. The attack has failed. It is the end.

But it was not yet the end, for before the defenders have got back their breath the French cannon begin to speak once more. Two more attacks are repulsed. Three cartridges are all that remain to each man. Then, just as some are resolving to keep the third cartridge for themselves, a new trumpet signal is heard.

A moment longer they looked at each other, and there was a quiet around them, as though when men pray.

And then they all sprang to their feet, and a cry of joy broke from all those hoarse, inflamed throats:

"They are coming!"

"Prince Friedrich Karl!"

"That is the Third Corps!"

"Hurrah! Hurrah!"

"Victory! Saved! Victory! Victory!"

This is more than a newspaper report, and more than a scene evolved out of a literary brain. This is life and this is death, at grips under our eyes; life with hand and foot and brain and heart, and death with all its horrors and all its majesty. And—*pace* the pacifists—it is beautiful, too, the blood and the bone-splinters notwithstanding, since the thought which lies behind it is beautiful.

In yet another passage Bloem finds expression for this thought:

Oh yes, war was something awful, something damnable; but did not the mere fact that men *could* thus fight testify to humanity's best qualities, its highest virtues? That there exist goods for whose sake a nation is ready to risk all, to cast off all the comfort, all the peaceful monotony of daily life—was it not war alone that proved this? True, this was a struggle between two of the noblest nations of the earth; but would they not both emerge purified, raised, consecrated by the ordeal of battle? Did they not outgrow their own stature during those months of fighting for national existence? Was it not exactly in war—through war—that they were truly welded to nations?

On the last page the author makes

his final effort at conciliation with the beaten enemy; and for this, with true dramatic, or, if you will, theatrical instinct, chooses Orléans, and the foot of Jeanne d'Arc's monument. Here it is that the victorious Prince, having held his triumphant entry, reins his horse between the lines of parading troops, and, lifting his eyes to the bronze effigy of the heroic maiden, humbly lowering her victorious sword before the Lord of Battle, carries his hand to his helmet in a mute salute:

He was doing homage to the genius of the great, splendid nation which had wrestled heroically against his own—until the end. . . .

Far around the bloodstained town, upon the hard-frozen soil of the fruitful Beauce, they lay in thousands—those dumb witnesses of France's unbroken greatness.

No, thou bronze warrior-maiden up there, even to-day thou hast no need to lower those eyes which, so proudly humble, seek Heaven. A radiance lies on the Sibylline brow, even to-day; and from the fearless lips flows that wonderful word, whose entire significance is unveiled only when, coupled with a last, fateful question, it approaches either men or nations:

"Art thou ready to die for me?"

Happy that nation whose children, in answer to that question of Fate, shout their death-defying "Yes!" in brotherly unity.

Such a nation remains a nation, in victory as in defeat. A land in which live such men is a fatherland.

And one feels inclined to add—a writer with such healthily patriotic views is undoubtedly a true son of his own fatherland.

Among the numerous recruits of German literature I should like to signalize a writer with a very un-German name, as likely to be heard of again. This is Alfons Paquet, who possibly owes some of his high literary qualities to the French blood in his veins which, with such a name, he can

scarcely escape having. For others he is doubtless indebted to his world-wanderings, in which such widely different places as London, Vladivostok, Paris, New York and Tokio have already been included. In London he is said to have been a commercial aspirant; in other spots alternately journalist and student; but everywhere a German, on the look-out for opportunities for "placing" not German capital but German culture. In this sense he has remained commercial—something, in fact, of a *commis voyageur* in moral and intellectual wares.

Yet in his novel *Kamerad Fleming* Paquet is not aggressively German. True, the hero's essentially German qualities are evidently intended to shine against the lurid background of French defects; but Paquet's own subject has lifted him off his feet and into broadly human regions. For this is one of the social novels above specified—the history of an ardent, honest, and finally disappointed Socialist, who, having discovered the feet of clay of the new gods, returns remorsefully to the old. The actuality of the subject alone makes it worth while to tarry over this book.

Karl Fleming, whom we may not be far wrong in at least partly identifying with his creator, has, like Paquet himself, wandered over half the world, and from his wanderings has brought back an ardent belief in Napoleon's pronouncement concerning the identity of politics and fate.

And out of the connection of this sentence with his own conviction that if one day the might of Money should be successfully broken by that of the spirit, even things like the misery of the masses, or the senseless satiety of blunted millionaires, could be purged from the world, he had drawn the conclusion that on the field of political economy . . . there were still discoveries to be made, the main lines of a new world-order to be laid down.

So this rampant idealist sets himself systematically to study political economy. While thus occupied he meets Berta Kippers, a plain-faced sculptress, several years his senior, and there ensues one of those comradeships which so rarely remain comradeships. It is Berta alone who infringes the pact. Her shy advances are coldly repulsed by Karl, and it is only when the sculptress unexpectedly succumbs to overwork that remorse and a late-born tenderness stir within him. Henceforward Berta's spirit seems to accompany Fleming everywhere; and this posthumous influence of the woman he had never loved forms the only love ingredient of the story. It is Berta's memory almost as much as his political opinions which take him to Paris, where she had studied, and whence she had, by her letters, initiated him into the growing social movement. Reading of the demonstrations protesting against Ferrer's execution, he feels irresistibly drawn to the scene of action. Scarcely arrived there a black-bordered copy of *La Bataille Sociale* is thrust into his hands. "Ferrer is shot" he reads. "No lamentations, friends! but Revenge!" The war-cry is signed "Georges Fraconnard." That is a name he has heard from Berta, and to which he instantly rallies. That same evening, in a demonstration before the Spanish Embassy, he shoots a police dog whom he sees attacking a woman, but manages to escape in the crowd. Next morning, reading of the arrests made on this account, his conscience stirs. Is it not his duty to give himself up, and thus obtain the release of the innocent people? At the office of *La Bataille Sociale*, whither he goes for directions, he is laughed at for so Quixotic an idea. But Fraconnard, the demigod of socialism, is not present. Determined to carry his case to the highest tribunal, Fleming follows him to his idyllic retreat at Mont-

martre. Here he finds the dictator of the masses being in his turn dictated to by an unruly brat of eight. As for the case of conscience, it is as summarily brushed aside by the demigod as by his adjutants, and before Fleming quite knows what has happened he finds himself enlisted as a species of agent. Another monster demonstration is being planned for Sunday, and all the vagrant Germans available are wanted to swell its ranks. Clearly Fleming is the man for the job. Scapini—an oily Italian and Fraconnard's right hand—introduces him to a colony of his compatriots, ragged loafers most of them, and haunters of filthy drinking-places. Much of what he sees and more of what he hears shakes his faith in the leaders of the movement. A thousand doubts assail him; yet he will keep his pledged word. He has promised to marshal a given number of his countrymen on Sunday, and he will do so; but he himself will be more of a spectator than an actor, for on Sunday he intends to make his final observations, and to decide for or against the "cause." And as loyal as to his comrades does he mean to be to the authorities. Fraconnard having solemnly pledged his word that the hundred thousand expected will come unarmed, Fleming is naïve enough to suppose that the promise is meant to be kept, and, in the innocence of his German heart, with his own hands disarms one of his men, who triumphantly shows him the head of a bayonet which he has slipped up his sleeve.

On the night preceding this fateful Sunday he has reviewed the situation:

Here he rested in his bed as on the back of a giant wave, in the midst of the city cleft in two, unveiling the depths of its gulfs. A mighty, new, and terrible thought had drawn him under its spell, and yet simultaneously the old thoughts held him fast, awakening doubts. He still felt strength enough for a decisive choice. He would

carry out what he had undertaken; and then he would know whether it was to be Yes or No.

And on the morning of the day itself, chance having taken him to the neighborhood of Notre Dame, some obscure impulse leads him into the Cathedral:

As the door fell to behind him he had the impression of having boarded a ship that was ready to leave the old world and to sail for a new. Was it not strange that he, a child of the age, and a worker for its aims, should gaze up thus dumb and awe-stricken to the stony heights created by great Mediæval masters? . . . The organ began to play. Hesitating and astounded he followed its wandering tones. How feeble seem the possibilities of human speech when the organ intones its primeval song! Upon a deep, warm current of brave harmony it sweeps away the low cries, the timid reflections of life. The intellectual, the moral pre-eminence of God speaks out of this song—unspeakably consoling to the human spirit.

Presently, during the official prayers, Fleming hears the name of Napoleon the First spoken, and reflects further:

In a passionless ocean there sailed here a ghostly ship. The name of a man who exactly on this spot of earth, shone upon by the light of these windows, had laid aside his hat, in order to place a crown upon his head—this circumstance of a moment seemed to grow to an eternal landmark.

From the church Fleming goes to the trysting spot; and it is thus that the monster procession unrolls itself before the reader's eyes:

It was an excursion of well-nigh a hundred thousand men who along the steel avenue of *cuirassiers* marched towards the centre of Paris. . . . The curious, standing on the *trottoirs*, scarcely a foot higher than the stream of the demonstrators, formed an impenetrable wall. The Place Clichy was black with the moving crowd. A

three-fold hedge of policemen and armed riders surrounded them. Here on a white pole there waved one single little red flag, like the starting-flag on a racecourse. . . . The masses, marching past, greeted the revolutionary symbol with clapping of hands and shouts of approval. A song was started. The voices joined quickly to a whole. It was the *Carmagnole*. The revolutionary papers had unearthed the wild text of the old *Sansculottes'* song; and now the clear voices of a few trained singers raised it high above the dull roar of the crowd, like something new and shining. The song had joined the march, right above the heads of these would-be fighters; each syllable a shout; each insinuating turn an invitation to dance. Like strokes of a hammer sounded the words of the refrain:

Vive le son
Du canon.
Vive le son!

Whistles, shouts broke incessantly from the crowd. Monotonous as the cries of street-sellers came the repeated "A bas les assassins! Han, han! La calotte!"

The weather was splendid. The procession, now well under way, moved rapidly. The unchecked progress of the masses, in whose ranks women and children marched, while out of every house the inhabitants looked down, and at the sides of the *cuirassiers*, man after man, escorted the crowd, seemed merry as a feast. . . . The masses, exulting, sang and shouted like some Homeric hero, the upraised faces quivering with the energy of their song. . . . The procession was now approaching the Spanish Embassy, which by this demoniacal demonstration was to be punished "for Ferrer." . . . Here the police accomplished an admirable manoeuvre. Out of the side-streets on both sides, mounted guards in rows of five and six pushed their way into the crowd. Abruptly thus the gigantic snake was hacked across, as though with sword-strokes. Yet not for a moment did it check its progress. Like shining bands in a black body the armed riders moved on with the procession. . . .

According to the official programme the demonstrators are to disperse on the Place de la Concorde. But Fraconnard has another, secret, programme—to wit, a provocation of the police by means of his *avant-garde*, and a drawing of the masses into some directly revolutionary act, of which the blame—should it fail—is to be thrust upon the Germans. Instead, therefore, of the order to disperse, a voice is heard shrilly calling for Fraconnard! Immediately the crowd grows restless. From the head of the procession the agitation flows back through its body. Fleming and the German group are close to the *Place* already when they become aware of a new development.

In the moment that the cries and signs of excitement reached him he recognized the danger. He turned round and called to the Germans "Stay together!" . . . Piercing whistles rent the air. Karl called again to the Germans. Pressed close against each other, they stood still. Scappini threw some angry words towards him which he did not catch. The unknown man freed himself and seemed on the point of throwing himself upon Karl. . . .

Then upon one of the monuments there appears a man with a black flag, shouting "Vive Fraconnard!" The excitement rises. The *cuirassiers* advance. Scappini cries "To Fraconnard!" and attempts to rush forward, while Karl restrains his Germans. The word "Traitor!" is hurled at him, but the Germans obey their leader. Next comes the cry "To arms!" In an instant senseless terror reigns. The police are insulted; a *cuirassier* is torn from his horse. A bloody conclusion seems inevitable, when there comes a diversion—and a highly characteristic one.

In this moment something unexpected happened. A strange excitement, which had nothing to do with the tumult in the *Place*, suddenly seized all this mass of men. Out-

stretched arms were to be seen pointing to the sky—there across the Seine in the direction of the Eiffel Tower, which with its delicate iron meshes rose like a waterspout from the level of the Champ de Mars in the sunnily blue air. One single cry rose up: "The aeroplane!"

The crowd gaze in delight; even the man with the black flag climbs over to the other side of the monument, in order to get a better view. The procession melts away peaceably. The demonstration is forgotten.

And half an hour later:

The whole borders of the sparkling Seine swarmed with chattering people, who were visibly enjoying their Sunday afternoon. The revolutionary *pointe* had been broken off; the procession had ended as peaceably as possible, strictly according to the letter of the programme. The masses and the police measured each other good-humoredly, the promised blows being postponed to another, less pleasant day.

Karl Fleming should by rights be satisfied with the issue of the adventure; but to him it has been more than an adventure. He has come to the conclusion that this is not the way to better the world. From so much personal hatred love cannot grow; from such base passions the moral redemption of mankind is not to be looked for. He spends next day in the Park of Versailles, turning over his conclusions in his mind, and jotting down in his note-book such stray thoughts as the following:

To obey God. . . . alone with love. . . . Found an order of men who shall preach to rich and poor alike the revolt against Money. . . . Unite the worldly plous of all countries. . . . It is possible to live independent of men and politics in decent poverty, until the day on which there are no more oppressed, and Man, in the great unity, feels himself the guest of that world, whose unhappy master and slave he

erstwhile was. Until that day dawns, Church and Free Thought, the power of princes, of parliaments, as of the masses in the street, are but the outward signs of the striving towards this highest good.

Noble, but, as it will be seen, somewhat chaotic aspirations.

That evening—having resolved to leave Paris next morning—the would-be world-betterer kneels beside his bed and utters a prayer, which surely deserves to be enrolled among the manifold cries of the human heart:

Thou, God and Spirit of all things, Thou seest the most hidden thought, hast led me to this moment. When I laugh I think on Thee—sad, I think on Thee. . . . In these days again Thou hast spoken to me. Let not all suffer as I do. Let me understand how I am to serve Thee. The new word for mankind—let me find it. As yet I cannot help anyone—I am too weak. I pray to Thee for the men whom Thou has shown me. Thou knowest Fraconard; Thou seest through Scappini. Grant that good should happen instead of evil. . . . Take away the sorrow I feel for Berta. . . . I thank Thee for what Thou workest in the dark. Thy Kingdom come! Now let me sleep, and lead me home to-morrow. Worship, worship, in eternity!

Meanwhile Fleming has received a warning; he has been condemned as a traitor to the Socialist cause and is being watched. Next morning at day-break he is breakfasting in a small coffee house in the neighborhood of the station. It is here that the curtain falls:

Karl placed his handbag on the floor beside him and took from the child's hands the brown, steaming mixture, around which his chilled fingers fastened greedily.

Just then, through the open door, there fell a shadow from the street. A man stood there, in rags, with a pale, flat face and dull eyes. His slow, paralyzing gaze measured Karl from head

to foot. It was the Unknown Man. Speaking no word, he raised his arm and stretched it, as though pointing, straight towards Karl's face. From out of the closed fist the black mouth of a firearm protruded, barely longer than the length of a thumb-nail. Instinctively Karl flung his arm across his face.

It did not rise to his consciousness that in this moment the soil of Europe, which had conceived him and then abandoned him to the spirit of his generation, was now annihilating him; that America, who in his great, rough youth had drawn him to herself, had invigorated and refreshed him, was now helping, even at this distance, to hurl him into that abyss to which there is no bottom; that already it was too late for a single soul on earth to recognize in him that which he was: the audacious yet tender dreamer, overflowing with charity and yearning, undeveloped fruitfulness—one of those ten thousand incarnations of God who in this gray, howling devils' wilderness raise bright heads to conquer and to dominate, or else to be extirpated, and who, dying, add the flame of their soul to that sacred spirit which, like a beacon fire, burns here and there on the masts of earthly ships.

All he knew was that, with a sharp, long-drawn-out crash, the whole space
The Nineteenth Century and After.

in which he stood broke asunder, while a shaft of steel-gray light flashed out of the chaos. It raised him high, as though with a gigantic leap, and hurled him then with overpowering weight into a yawning night. Darkness encompassed him, impenetrable as stone, and spread itself round him like a huge mountain, out of which one tiny source of warmth trickled, which, in its turn, chilled to dreadful coldness. And then it was night.

Karl Fleming is dead; but—as a German reviewer of the book aptly remarks—his God lives on, and this God speaks German. And no doubt he will continue to live, and continue to speak German—through Alfons Paquet's mouth at any rate. He is a somewhat shadowy God as yet, though the outlines we catch of him through the mists of dreaminess seem to have a thoroughly modern cut about them. And yet we have a shrewd suspicion that, once emerged from these mists, the "Spirit of all Things" will bear a strong family resemblance to Him who spake to Moses from out of the Burning Bush. His further evolution at Alfons Paquet's hands will at any rate be worth pursuing.

Dorothea Gerard.

(Madame Longard de Longgarde.)

THE STRENGTH OF THE HILLS.

BY HALLIWELL SUTOLIFFE.

CHAPTER XIV.

Flood-tide.

Michael Cunliffe began to be a constant visitor at Marsh. He rode over first to see what sort of mill Roger was master of. The man's astuteness and simplicity, when he came to sell his cloth in the Piece-Hall at Halifax, attracted him. Then, too, his memory went back—through the strident, hurrying years of money-making—to the

times when old Squire Holt and he had been comrades, tramping the moors together with a dog and a gun apiece. He had known no days like them since he built his first mill, no hospitality such as he found here at Marsh House.

Mrs. Holt, for her part, was glad to welcome him. There had been five years of her married life when Cunliffe was an intimate of her husband's, free of the house; and she had never accounted it a crime, as the old Squire did,

that he had taken to trade instead of meeting land-bankruptcy.

Little by little the friendship deepened. Cunliffe was not so young as he had been, and knew it. The game of coining money had lost something of its zest; it was pleasant to come into this quiet backwater of life, where all was from of old. Mrs. Holt, as he remembered her long ago, had been beautiful as some canvas painted by a visionary; to-day her beauty was less obvious and more real, for he was old enough to know the grace of lines and wrinkles, hard come-by and well-won.

"This son of yours?" he said, one June evening as they went round her **rose-garden**, counting the buds that were asking the moorland weather to let them come to flower. "He has a keen nose for business—keen as a pointer's after game—but he's as different from us men of Halifax as chalk from cheese."

"Yet he has your gift, Mr. Cunliffe. Once he takes a game up, he never falters. He had no chance, they said, when he took to mill-building—but he's spoiling Eller Beck beyond recognition—and they say his mill is doing well."

"He has luck enough for twenty usual men. But he puzzles me—he puzzles all of us. We take business as an everyday affair; but Roger takes it as if it had some confounded halo round it."

Mrs. Holt laughed quietly. She knew so much of Roger's motives, and this man of the business world, with his square jaw and the head that trade had whitened here and there, knew so little. "That is why he is master of you all," she said, with great serenity. "It's the little fairy-song among the looms he listens to—and the fairies are just as much alive to-day as they ever were."

"I never met one," he protested.

"Yes." Her irony was grave, dispassionate.

"You meet them every day—but you've not the gift of seeing them. Roger has the gift. He will be rich, I think, in the years ahead—because he needs money to squander up and down the parish, wherever folk are needing it. He could never have made it just for his own wants."

"Oh, the halo fits him well enough," said Cunliffe drily. "Underneath it, he is the simplest child of nature that ever drove hard bargains. If the old Squire could see him now——"

"My husband sees him now," she interrupted, with the kindest smile. "These things grow clearer after one is widowed. He sees the mill with new eyes, perhaps——"

And then she checked herself. Michael Cunliffe was so much a part of the old days, his frequent comings to Marsh House so looked for and welcome that he was breaking down the reserve built up by loneliness and a great sorrow. It was pleasant to have speech with this friend of other years; but reserve was dearer still to her.

Roger himself thought only of his mill. A little and a little more, as the year advanced, glamor returned to him—not the light-come witchcraft of a boy's dreams, but the deep romance that waits on manhood steering a good ship to haven. Long ago—it seemed long ago, because so much had happened since—he had heard music, for the first time, in the steady plunge of his big mill-wheel. Now he heard melody in the throb and clatter of the looms. As he went about the mill and watched the threads running to and fro until they merged into the fabric known as shalloons the din and hurry of it all were welcome. The looms were making pieces; and the pieces were making money; and out yonder in Marshcotes graveyard a headstone leaned out and over to the quiet moor, asking passers-by to think of one dead wayfarer.

Prices kept steady. Once a week he found the only recreation granted him—the breezy ride to Halifax and back on market-day. The smell of the moor, the lilt of a horse under him, gave him courage for the remaining six days of the week. And the glamor of it grew apace, till the racing clatter of the looms, the gurgle of the mill-wheel, sang to him like some ancient ballad of the feuds his folk had waged aforetime. He lived for the mill, as if it were his wife gone honeymooning with him; his step was light about the place, his courage high; and he infected every man who worked for him.

That autumn he cut down more trees in the pleasant hollow, drove the prim-roses and nesting birds still higher up the dene. With the money he earned, and increasing leniency on the part of his banker as regarded over-drafts, he added to his mill, put in looms and workmen chosen by himself.

Dan Reddlough watched the master with something akin to awe. It seemed so short a while since he was a stripling caring only for the heather, and dogs, and guns. Then, by degrees, he learned the answer to the riddle. Other men, for the most part, were following twenty random lines of thought each day; the Squire was following only one. He was riding straight, with hounds in full cry ahead, and thought of nothing else.

"Be durned," Reddlough grumbled to his wife, as he returned from Eller Beck one night, "he's like a changeling these days—and yet he's th' same lad underneath it all. Smell o' the fox he followed oncc. Smell o' machine-oil he's following now. Well, they're both on 'em what a body might call lusty stenchies."

Toward the end of October the Squire came home by way of the cottage that had fathered Phineas Oldroyd. There in the roadway Phineas was standing, as on a far-off day when

he had met the old Squire and Roger with an insolence that he mistook for proper pride. There was no pride now about Phineas. His men had gone out on strike at the moment when he most needed them—because his treatment of them in years past had made no appeal to loyalty when the pinch of hazard came. Since then he had been striving to recover lost ground, and had failed. He had watched his hard-earned money go racing down the hill, and this visit to the cottage was a long farewell, for he had sold it yesterday.

He gathered up his pluck at sight of Roger—gathered up, too, the subtlety that had served him well till now. "You're doing well, Squire, so they tell me."

"Oh, don't trust gossip, Oldroyd."

"A body must, if it speaks often enough. You're doing well. It's about time you went in for speculation, like. Speculation doubles money in a day that a mill takes months to earn. There's yond snod mill o' mine i' Marshcotes, now. I'm about to sell it—giving up business to take things easy i' my old age—and it's a fine, going concern."

"With your men on strike, Oldroyd?"

"They'll come in again."

"Yes, when prices have gone down; not before, Phineas. What do you want for your mill?"

Oldroyd named it, and Roger, with the new instinct learned at Eller Beck and Halifax, beat down his price until he knew that he could buy it for a song. It was a temptation, undoubtedly. He could buy the mill at less than it would cost him to add another shed to his own factory. Then a side-gust of memory stirred him. He recalled the day when he had met his banker on the road, and had given a tacit promise to take up no speculations. Moreover, instinct told him that no luck would come from buying a property so tainted and accursed as

Oldroyd's mill, whose men grew white of face with unfair labor, whose children sickened at the looms.

"It's dear at the price, Oldroyd," he said. "I decline."

Oldroyd was too weary to hide his feelings. "Ah, the snod common sense o' ye—and I thought ye just a fool," he snapped.

"Only three parts, Phineas," said the Squire, with an easy laugh. "The same moor bred us, after all."

When he got down to Marsh he found Adeline alone in the hall. It was, in name, a Christian moorland, but she had been busy again with devil-worship, from sheer lack of other occupation. The result of her waxen image of Cicely, studded thick with pin-pricks, was a temper mean and shrewish beyond belief.

"When shall I be rich, Roger, as you promised?" she asked. "I want to get away—to the shops, and the paved streets, and the *life* of things. There's no life in the country here—only weariness, as if one were shut in by prison walls."

He did not answer. The slightness of her, the little she had learned from the free-handed, open country, appalled him. For her sake, because his father owed a debt, he had gone into the prison of mill-walls, had given up all that was meant by the upland life that she would never understand in this world. Her face was lean and haggard. She seemed a poor excuse for hunting-days, and the sharp whirr of a cock-grouse as he raced at the wind's pace beyond reach of gunshot.

Then, with the mill's discipline strong on him, he knew that she was a straw in the wind so far as his purpose was concerned. It was not for her he was working, but for his dead father's peace.

He went out by and by, and paced up and down the garden. The effort he was making had been too long sus-

tained; courage, faith, all that lit the hills with magic, forsook him. The mill, and shalloons, and traffic of the market-place, showed like a gray road ahead, winding, endless through a flat and rainy land. And Jonathan Shaw, appealing over the kirkyard wall for charity's prayers, stood for no more than a superstition out of date. The world was as the most part of mankind saw it after all—a dull place of routine, eating and sleep and barter, much gossip and a little happiness. There was no room in it for dreamers who fancied that effort might be prayer—prayer for kinsmen gone before.

It was his dark hour, the darkest of his life; and, because he faced it as a man should, a curious strength came rending through the thick of disaster to succor him. No man ever yet faced harsh odds—with his heart in his boots, but conquering panic—who did not find this sort of strength. It comes to him like a sturdy wind from the north.

As he came through the trouble of it he found the gleam of hope for which he searched. Adeline had shown so frank a longing to return to the shops and streets of Liverpool that one result of his money-making, at least, was sure. He remembered Mrs. Holt's tart reference to the marriage service, her saying that Adeline was settled at Marsh till death did them part. It was plain now that she would return to the old life as soon as she was mistress of the fortune in the making at Eller Beck Mill.

The next morning he rode over to Heathley and placed a couple of hundred pounds to Adeline's account, though he needed the money for his mill.

The banker took him into his private room for a chat. "As an old friend of the family, Roger, you don't mind my saying that you're playing a plucky

game? It's the odd way you play it that tickles my fancy. You know how much you're in debt to us?"

"To be candid, Sir, I don't. The mill keeps me busy these days."

The other laughed. This was the Roger he had known—hard riding, impetuous, disdainful of life's hindrances. "This trifle of two hundred pounds to your ward—it adds to the debit side of your account."

Roger went back to that appeal of Jonathan Shaw's for help. "I thought it was to the credit side," he said, with his baffling simplicity.

So then the banker laughed outright. "I'm backing you, my lad. Oh, it's no speculation, and no need for thanks. Michael Cunliffe tells me that you have the salt of the mill-master in you, and he should know. About the addition to your mill?"

"I had not mentioned it."

"No, but you're always wanting to build forward. Well, do it. Trade is roaring these days, Roger, in spite of strikes. Follow your luck, and keep it busy. That's my advice to you. I'll handle your debt to the bank."

The Squire rode home this afternoon with a pleasant sense that luck was with him. The black mood of yesterday was gone. His looms were humming blithely, with the fairies busy in among them. And the song of these new days was with him—the song of money in the making, to pay off debts of honor.

He came round the bend of Barguest Lane, thinking how good it was to be alive, with the ripe leaves overhead, and the hunter's moon just rising over Marshcotes church tower, when a rough-coated dog got up, crossed under his horse's feet, and leaped to the wall top on his right. He could see its shaggy head outlined clearly against the moonlit sky, and reached out to strike it as he passed. His whip struck only the wall top, though still the dog lay

crouching there; and Jonedab, the stout-hearted cob that carried him on all journeys these days, was palpably restless and afraid.

Out of the gladness to be alive, the zest in working to wipe off a debt from the family slate, the old enemy of his house had met him in the way. A curious stillness of the soul, that did not question or repine, went with him down the road to Marsh. The call had come. He must accept it. That was all. Many generations of his dead were with him in this venture.

Mrs. Holt, when they met at supper, could not understand this son of hers, though knowledge of his moods had grown to be second nature. He was gay to absurdity; he was attentive to the least need she had, and bantered her as only the son of a comrademother can. Behind it all there was a fire that lit his face as with transfiguration. He was near some journey into the wilderness, and knew it.

"Adeline," he said, half-through supper, "your property is thriving. I've just placed two hundred pounds to your credit."

"Oh, Roger, how good you are! I thought your folk here so stupid when they talked of fairies—but two hundred pounds! It's just like a fairy tale. Guardian, will you—will you let me have a holiday in Liverpool? I'll not spend it all, I promise—not quite all—but I'm hungry for the shops and the noise of the streets. It's so quiet here, listening to meadow grass growing," she finished, with the low, pleasant laugh that was her charm.

Roger glanced at his mother, and knew that she had the same thought. This ward of his, with the empty mind and the unstable will, was no real part of the old Squire's legacy after all. Already she was longing to return to the narrow town life. When she was mistress, not of hundreds, but of thousands, she would leave them for good

and all. She had no single quality that fitted her to meet the brave, upland weather.

"Why, yes, you may go to Liverpool," said Roger, with great good humor. "You have friends there that a guardian could approve."

"You will need references from the clergy, I suppose," she asked demurely, "before you let me go to my relations? I am not so precious, Roger, that you need make all this fuss about your guardianship. For how long may I go, dear gaoler?"

"Oh, take a month, Adeline—two, if you like. You need a holiday."

She was quiet for awhile. Then the unbridled temper that had bidden her stick pins into a waxen image found outlet of another sort. "You are cruel—cruel. You wouldn't care if I went for a year. You would not miss me. You've a heart like your mill-wheel's, it only beats to drive looms."

"That's true, child. Driving looms is my business nowadays."

She got up from the table. "Oh, Roger, how I hate you," she said quietly.

After she had gone, the Squire filled his glass and sipped it. "Mother," he asked, "what's amiss with Adeline? It's the wrong time to hate me, I should have thought. She need never come back from Liverpool, if all goes well with the mill."

Mrs. Holt laughed, because there was nothing else to do. This man of hers was so downright and so logical; and women were so different somehow. But she did not tell him that Adeline loved one man better than Liverpool, or shops, or self-control.

The next morning, Lille Jack Lister wondered what he should do with his day, as he came out after breakfast and smelt the freshness of the uplands. Pheasants and partridge were ready for the gun, but he never cared for shooting alone, and Roger would be

busy at the mill. Roger irritated him nowadays. Surely he could steal a day now and then for the old pursuits. His mill was thriving, so folk said.

"It's the cursed greed of money-making that has taken him," thought Lille Jack. "He's not his own man, or he'd break through it all when he hears the birds calling as he comes home o' nights, from Eller Beck. Roger has gone daft. He finds no happiness in life."

Then he remembered that he, too, was finding no special joy in life. There was Cicely, who was more to him than house or gear—Cicely, with her laughter and the shams they had tried to teach her in Brussels—Cicely, who touched men's thoughts to betterment wherever her feet took her, like a sprite who laughed less often these days, about the moorland.

He had his horse brought round, and rode up to the house on the hill. Cicely had ridden out half-an-hour ago, they told him; so, from sheer lack of other occupation, he turned rein and went down the slippery, curving lane that led to Eller Beck Mead. He would see what Roger was doing in this precious mill of his—see what he found there to make amends for long abnegation.

As he came to the rowan-tree that guarded the door of Roger's mill-dams, a slim little mare turned her head to whinny at him. It was not long since Cicely had left her, but time seems long to a spoiled mare when she is used to human company.

Lille Jack, with a feeling that his luck was in, after all, got from saddle and slipped his horse's bridle round the branch of a neighboring tree. Then he went down the glen and he saw Cicely, standing near the throb and uproar of the mill.

"What brings you here?" he asked, with his quiet smile.

"Roger's foolishness—my father gives it a worse name. Jack, how can

we protect him, you and I, against the sneers we hear every day, when those who are sib to us meet together? They say he's a traitor to the old country life. They say he loathes the mills, but is ready to spoil all Eller Beck if it can make money for him. He was so gay, so careless. And now—there's a fallen angel in our midst. He squired the whole moorland—and we trusted him till now."

Lister had gone through the same trouble, and understood it. There was a man here so big and dominant among them—a man so strong to fight the retreating battle of the country against the advancing sordid mills—that only his love for Roger could excuse the backsliding. It was a backsliding mean and unlovely, as measured by every detail of the mill below him.

"I trust him, all the same," he said doggedly. "Roger will explain it all one day."

Her face was young with April's tears, and old with autumn's calm, as she met his glance. "We two will be dead of grief by that time. It will not matter."

Jack Lister's gift in life was undoubtedly to care for stricken folk. He had not known till now—rather, he had not faced the knowledge—that Cicely was not for him. He understood it all at last. The human longing for her—the giving up of long dreams that she might come to fill his empty life—the pain of it was sharp. But he came through it. After all, he should have guessed that Roger, whether he hunted or built a mill, had always had Cicely's heart in keeping.

"Oh, trust him," he said quietly. "At any rate, he's doing nothing by halves. He set out to make a fortune—and he's making it very fast, as gossip says. We ought to be proud of him, Cicely. I never heard of a Holt yet who made money—he's all the weight of ancestry against him."

"The fight against odds? I know you want me to applaud it, but I—Jack, I cannot. If you knew how tired I am—if only you knew——"

"Cry it out, Cicely, as you used to when you were in pinafores. There's none to see us."

For once she yielded to weakness. Like Jack was so cool, so friendly and self-reliant. She gave him her two hands, and crept close to him for shelter; and neither of them said a word.

Roger had been uneasy all the day. His foreman, who knew the master's mood to a nicety, kept a wary eye on him, telling himself that "Squire, when he war I' one of his rampageous moods, was no better than a bull looking for a bit o' red cloth to charge at."

Busy himself as he would with the ceaseless detail of his mill Roger could not shake off that trouble of his meeting with Barguest in the lane last night. All was going so well. There was a prospect—nearer than he had dreamed of a year ago—that Adeline's debt would be paid off in full, and he himself free to take up the old life again. And with the old life would come back his hope of Cicely, whose voice was seldom absent from the dining chorus of his looms.

All was going so well. He asked himself, over and over again, what trouble Barguest had come to wind about his feet; for the manner of the dog's coming—and in his cradle he had learned the ritual well—suggested, not a death in the house, but some sharp and imminent disaster that maimed and did not kill. There were many mills closed down, of course, and rumors of other strikes to follow; but he never doubted his own men, knit to him by many ties of mutual liking and forbearance.

At last he could bear the mill's uproar no longer; and, remembering that the sluice-gate of the upper dam was in need of repair, he made that his ex-

cuse to get out into the open. He went up the dene as if pursued by shadowy feet. He was not thinking of the sluice-gate, or of the prosperity that the water running through it was bringing to his house. He was in the grip of a superstition that had lasted through three generations, and could not shake off the Brown Dog from his shoulders.

At the bend of the stream, where the topmost dam lay cradled in a bed of rusty bracken, he came in sight of Cicely and lile Jack. The girl's hands were close in Jack's, and her face very near to his. They did not hear his step; and he turned without a word.

"You've been up to see the sluice-gate?" asked his foreman, when he returned. "I told you there was summat varry wroug up yonder."

"You did," snapped Roger. "You spoke truth. The old gate is beyond repairing; we'll have to make a new one."

CHAPTER XV.

Work.

Through the next days Roger went about the mill's routine by habit; but he was walking in a dream. He never questioned the meaning of that scene at the high dam. Barguest had prepared him for trouble, and he accepted what had come—as a man felled by a sudden blow accepts the pain of it until he finds strength enough to rise. Even he had not guessed what Cicely meant to him, until he lost her. The queer adventure of tending machinery to ease his father's soul had shut down a trapdoor on his heart. The door was lifted now.

Little by little he returned to life and faced the new endeavor. There would be no song again among his looms, no lilt of the fairies as they trode his mill-wheel with their countless, tiny feet. Well, other men had

gone their way bravely enough without the help of ballad music.

It was hard at first to think of Jack Lister. He should have been jealous of him, but was not; too many days of hunting and ripe comradeship had gone to their love of each other. He cared for him just the same, somehow. Lile Jack had simply fought a fair battle, and had won; it was Cicely who was changed beyond recognition. Through these years of struggle he had believed that she understood him, and could wait; he forgot that he had given her no chance of understanding him, because his face had been set like a flint and he had talked of little except machinery and market prices. She had not had strength to wait, he told himself.

There was dark night these days about Roger's heart. If Cicely had died he could have borne it with more courage. Like Susan After-Wit, he understood, too late, that she cared for him—she, who had seemed too good and unattainable until the prose of mill-life taught first love its true perspective. Disillusion fought against him. Barguest, the shadowy foeman of his house, fought against him. It was in the doing whether he got up from disaster, and went forward, or was content to lie where the blow had taken him unawares.

He went forward, at a cost known only to himself. He made the mill his home, the place where his strength found room for exercise, as he had never done before. And his wise foreman came to him each Monday morning—knowing that the master needed the excuse of Halifax market day to get up to saddle and the moors.

"Nay, we're not selling pieces, Squire. We're storing them instead."

"Prices rule high, Dan," he would answer impatiently.

"True—so do strikes. Strikes are spreading, I toll ye, like the measles.

Come next year, there'll be only your men working, and Mr. Greenwood's out Cranshaw way. Good men know good masters, and they'll stick to you—you and Mr. Greenwood."

"I've had enough of cloth-weaving, Dan. I'm sick to go out and sell it, now it's made."

"Sickness is just a whimsy, Squire. Get rid of it, and store your pieces. I tell ye, they'll be at famine price next year."

So Roger took up the grim adventure again, and the storehouse in the corner of the mill-yard grew fuller of shalloons, packed neatly piece on piece. Time after time, as the months went by, the black mood of his race descended on him, blotting out faith and courage. Time after time he took his mood to the leaning headstone that asked him of his charity to pray for the soul of Jonathan Shaw; and always the worst of the darkness left him, for wherever men have prayed with a single heart and purpose, there is the shrine where they will find succor in the hour of need.

After one of these dark moods he came down to Marsh House at six of a May evening. The garden, sloping upward from the stream, was in its pride of bloom. The smell of the sweet briar at the gate—poignant after a day of shower and sun—arrested him. The cawing of the rooks in the big trees overhead, the quiet lap-lap of the water, the pigeons preening their feathers on the lawn—all brought back the quieter days that had been. A great tenderness came to him, and a longing to return. He was not of the mills and never would be. Why not renounce the discipline that galled him?

As he halted, irresolute between the old call and the new, he heard voices from the lawn. His mother and Michael Cunliffe were sitting there, and some look of youth in Mrs. Holt's face, some intimacy suggested by the

tone of a talk too low for him to hear, kept him standing there. He did not wish to spy on them; he was simply cold with the surprise of it.

Michael Cunliffe had come to Marsh that day with his mind made up—and that amounted, men said, to his having his way. He had remembered many times of late that Mrs. Holt had been his first love, and that, when Squire Holt won her, he had married his mill for lack of tenderer occupation. He had gone back along the years, step by step, with each visit to this house of ancient peace and hospitality. He was tired of making money, and needed to get back into the country sanity that had bred him.

But most of all, this blithe May evening, he recalled the grace and wonder of that far-off wooing. He had been so full of thrifty dreams in those days; had been so much bigger than himself; and now she was here beside him, with a ripper charm and a power greater than of old to bring a sense of betterment about him.

With diverting frankness, as if she and he were young together, he asked her to marry him. And she laughed—gently, with a kindness that robbed laughter of its sting. "You do not understand, old friend," she said. "Marriage was buried in my husband's grave. There are no two lovings in any woman's life."

Cunliffe sat there, very still. He was not accustomed to be thwarted.

"I could do so much for Roger, if you would have it so," he said at last.

"Roger, by your leave, is doing a good deal for himself. Why interrupt a man in the making?"

Her humor brought Cunliffe to his senses. With an odd reverence—forgotten through years of machinery din—he got to his feet. "I was always your servant to command. What am I going to do with my empty life? After

all, it was you who emptied it—long since, when you married my friend Holt."

"What are you going to do with your life? Why, come back to the country ways. Spend your money here. Hunt, and shoot, and live the old, good life again—and—and count me as your friend, whatever comes or goes."

Roger looked on at it all, and his face cleared. A moment since it had seemed that Mrs. Holt was falling him, as Cicely had done; he could not have forgiven her if she had admitted a supplanter, here where his father had ruled; but that suspicion went by him. The two of them were facing each other with such comradeship and quiet laughter that his fear grew ludicrous.

"Well, Roger?" said Cunliffe, turning as his step sounded up the path. "You don't come to Halifax these days. You've gone back to idleness, you scamp."

"I'm storing shalloons—piles of them, Mr. Cunliffe."

"Ah, you're wagering on the strikes? Well, it's a canny game, if you can afford to wait."

"I can't afford it. But I'm waiting," said the other, with his haphazard laugh. "My foreman tells me there will be a rise—he doesn't guess how I miss that morning gallop to Halifax."

Cunliffe supped with them that night, and gave no sign that he had lost much to-day. It is harder to give up a dream of middle age than such as boys frame, because the dream goes deeper and the tenacity to follow it is great. When Roger saw him to his horse—a high moon riding the skies, and all the moor a land of mystery and awe—Cunliffe turned in sadde.

"You are all for building on to your mill. Stay your hand, Roger. I know many a man who's keen to sell at current prices—spend your money that

way. For my part, I've bought all I need. Ride over to Halifax next market-day, and be the buyer for once instead of the seller. I'll help you."

Michael Cunliffe had ridden out with the determination to use Roger as an argument in his settled plan to marry Squire Holt's widow at long last. He rode home in chastened mood, aware that it is good for a dominant man to meet a woman of the old, true breed. Already he was mapping out the fifty ways in which he could help Roger—for the lad's own sake.

Roger himself went over the tops to Halifax next market-day, and Jonedab, the cob, was glad to be following the old track again. The Squire, turned merchant now instead of mill-master, bought royally under Cunliffe's supervision, and left orders with the carriers to bring the pieces to Marshcotes the next day.

It was late when he set out again for home; but the moorland track had no loneliness for him, because he knew and loved it as he knew Cicely's face. The roads were undoubtedly unsafe these days. Roger in open daylight had often passed tousled folk—in knots of four or five—who waited for the chance to rob men returning from the market with money in their pockets. More than once they had eyed horse and rider, as if calculating the odds against them, and had let him pass without need to show the pistol he carried with him. He disdained them, and rode through; but to-night they had stretched a rope across the track, and neither Jonedab nor he saw it, because they were so glad of the pleasant gallop home.

The cob blundered against it, and threw his rider; but the sag of the rope was enough to save his knees, and Roger was pitched into a bed of heather, with soft peat underneath it. The six night-birds who ran in to find an easy prey were met by the cob's

heels, and the four survivors met Roger's naked fists.

It was all very quick in the doing; and Roger, as he felt Jonedab's knees to know if they were sound, and afterwards got up to saddle, found his heedless laugh again. "Nothing seems to hurt us, lad, since I lost Cicely—but there's not much joy in the thriving."

Through that year, and into the wild weather that cloaked the moor with snow till March of the next year had raved its temper out, Roger made pieces in his own mill, and bought shalloons at Halifax, until his store-room was filled to ceiling-height. There were fewer strikes, partly because men's judgment is more stable in proportion to the coldness of the weather and in part because they feared to be out of work when wives and bairns would feel the nip of poverty most keenly. And the price of pieces went slowly down; for all save the shrewdest mill-men thought that the strike-fever was dying out, and they sold freely the stock they held in anticipation of a further lowering of prices.

Roger had the good sense to trust the foreman who had taught him how to handle the mill from the first. Dan had that gift for knowing markets which other men had for judging the points of a horse, or the fly that trout would take, or the one, right time to cut their meadow-grass in a wet harvest-season. To all the master's impatience to be riding over-moor to Halifax he gave a stolid shake of the head.

"I'm old, Squire, and you're varry young. I'll trust ye if it's a matter o' woodcraft, or hitting grouse when they go scummering down-wind. You trust me when it comes to market-prices. I've a fondness for prices, they're that womanish and teasy."

"But, Dan, the mill is bringing nothing in. It's all paying out."

"Sell your house—sell the breeches

ye stand up in, Squire, if need be—but stick to those shalloons of ours. I know I' my bones—as I know rheumatiz coming wi' wet weather—that strikes are just ligging quiet. They're not ended, I tell ye. They're nobbut just beginning."

Through that bitter winter the Squire trusted in his foreman's judgment, though the strikers were busily at work again and the price of cloth went down with gloomy persistency. Different in creed and class, Dan and he were working with the same star of faith shining dimly on ahead. They trusted each other, with a trust hard-come-by and not lightly to be shaken.

So it happened that the only addition to the mill that winter—on the rare days when the masons could ply their trade—was a new storage-room for pieces wrought here and for pieces bought at Halifax.

Michael Cunliffe rode over, one wild day of March, and found Roger just coming from the mill. "How did you learn to see so far ahead, lad?" he asked, good-naturedly. "There are only six men I've known this winter who were for keeping instead of selling. I'm one—and you're another—you, who were trained to take fences at a stride, instead of waiting to go round by the gate."

"Old Dan is the cautious partner in the firm. He told me to hold our stock, and add to it. Sometimes I think he's a bit of a fool."

Cunliffe's big mouth and chin—more charitable in line since he had returned to the pleasant alchemy that Mrs. Holt practised—yielded to the smile which few men captured. "And very often he thinks you a bit of a fool. I should trust Dan, if I were you. He has a head on his shoulders. About your balance at the bank, Roger?"

"That's the one thing that doesn't worry me nowadays. It is just where

it always was—on the wrong side. I was bred to that sort of balance, Mr. Cunliffe; it's like a touch of the home I knew before the mill was built."

"I knew you in the nursery, Roger. Let me be your backer—just for the fun of spending more money than I know what to do with."

The Squire straightened himself. Gain or loss, heartache or no, the pride of the fathers stiffened in his. "We're fighting the lone hand, Dan and I," he said. "You are kind, but we'll see the game through together."

So Michael Cunliffe did not go down to Marsh, as he had intended, but rode forward into Heathley, where he cracked a bottle of wine with Roger's banker. As old friends of the Holts, they discussed the prospects of Eller Beck Mill, and Cunliffe gathered that the other was a little anxious touching Roger's lavish acceptance of the leave to overdraw.

"I like his pluck," said Cunliffe at
The Times.

parting. "If prices go down this summer, he will be in an awkward corner. If they swing upward—and I think they will—there'll be a rich man in the making. The lad must have a free rein. I stand sponsor for his debts."

Cunliffe rode home that night with an odd smile on his face. If Roger was too proud to be helped openly, there were other ways of aiding him; and he did not know why his zest in the venture was so keen. Half the way he thought it was because the lad was Mrs. Holt's son; then he fancied it was because Roger had upheld his own view—that a Squire could hold his own with the mill-men once he set his mind on giving them battle on their own ground. As he reached his door, he decided that motives did not matter either way. He had a new interest in life, and leave to seek the haven of Mrs. Holt's garden, so long as he discussed all topics save his dream of marriage.

(To be continued.)

PRINCE KATSURA.

The indifference with which the bulk of the British people received the news of Prince Katsura's death on October 10th provokes cynical reflections on the aloofness of international politics from the representative institutions of this country. Had the Anglo-Japanese Alliance been based on a genuine popular desire for a mutual convention, the removal from the scene of a bureaucratic statesman like Katsura would have been hailed by the man in the street as an event of extraordinary importance to the allied nation, and it would have been quite impossible for a leading evening paper to speak of the Prince's career having ended a year ago, or to have announced complacently

that the Premier before the Premier before last was still in power in the allied country. Count Hayashi's recently published Memoirs have told us how that alliance was the fruit of a German idea and the work of two men—Hayashi himself and Lord Lansdowne. It came as a surprise to both countries—a very welcome surprise for the Japanese—and resulted in much British gold and not a little British pride being invested in Japan. It behoves the Britisher to know something of the men and the institutions of the country Lord Lansdowne gave him, willy nilly, for an ally, which undoubtedly has a future before it, albeit a rather distant future, as an in-

dustrial power. The political history of the past few years is extraordinarily interesting, and it is bound up with the story of the statesman who has just died.

Katsura Taro was a Choshu Clansman; he was born in 1847, and became a soldier, seeing active service on the Imperial side when he was twenty. He became captain at twenty-seven, and when he was thirty-five and a colonel, General Oyama discovered in him an organizing genius. In 1886 he was appointed Vice-Minister for War. He was in office five years and then was given command of the third Japanese division in the China War, at the close of which, with the rank of Lieutenant-General and the title of Viscount, he became Governor of Formosa. In 1898, Marshal Yamagata, the head of his Clan and the political leader of the militarists, became Premier, and General Viscount Katsura became War Minister. During his three years of office, with the help of General Kawakami (a Satsuma man, oddly enough), Katsura practically reorganized the army. Yamagata's Government, which succeeded the famous Okuma-Itagaki coalition—Japan's first premature and abortive attempt to mould the Government on party lines—was a Clan Government, and Katsura ever afterwards stuck to the traditions of military despotism and clanism amidst which he made his *début* as a Cabinet Minister.

Marquis Ito about this time founded the Seiyukwai or Constitutional party, which aimed at party government on constitutional lines. Ito succeeded Yamagata as Premier and was in office for not quite a year. Then came Katsura's great chance—he was chosen by the Elder Statesmen to form the new Cabinet and was duly appointed Premier by the Emperor. He held office for four and a half years, the longest term for which a Japanese

Cabinet has ever held together.

To British people Katsura was practically unknown until he took Ito's place at the head of affairs in 1901. He made no attempt to form a party government; he did not believe in party government—until the exigencies of his career necessitated apostasy, and that was not to be for many a long day to come. The new Premier set himself the herculean task of reorganizing Japanese finance, but what he accomplished was to rule Japan with the stern discipline of a military governor during the most critical years of her emergence as a Great Power. He was not popular, but that troubled him little. He did not believe in representative government. His one aim was to make Japan the premier country in the Orient, and the Choshu Clan the premier political power in Japan. He believed that both were for the good of the State, and what their rulers considered good for them, that the people should dutifully and thankfully accept. The people had been well drilled to obedience, and the members of the Diet drew good salaries and evinced no spirit of independence. Corruption was not uncommon. It was hardly to be expected that a strong man like Katsura, who was personally incorruptible, but who found that it was not difficult to buy support from others, should consider party government desirable or even feasible with such material.

Although at this time Katsura was not actually one of the Genro, the hangers-on of officialdom recognized in him a stronger man than Yamagata himself, and he gradually came to be looked upon as a junior "Elder Statesman." By sheer force of character he asserted himself in that select circle, and eventually banished its acknowledged members from active government, thus helping to establish the new tradition that Elder Statesmen

may pull the strings from behind the scenes but must not actually form a Ministry. This work of his will bear fruit: it is unthinkable now that any future Minister President should be drawn from the ranks of the Genro.

In the first year of Katsura's first Premiership he won a notable tussle with the Ito-Inouye faction in the Council of Elder Statesmen. This was in the matter of the British Alliance, a scheme which Ito had first conceived, but which he tried to have thrown over in favor of an agreement with Russia which seemed to him to serve better the desired end of giving Japan a free hand in Korea. It is history now how Hayashi worked for the rival English agreement, never dreaming that his shrewd suggestion would be acted on that Tokyo should play on England's fears of a Russo-Japanese convention—fears so naively communicated to him by Sir Claude Macdonald, a Minister whom Japan always regarded as an asset in her capital. Yamagata and Katsura were both in favor of the British agreement, but the Premier was not yet sufficiently powerful among the Genro to override the wishes of the Ito-Inouye faction, though his future probably depended on the event. Thanks to the progress Hayashi had made in London (and Katsura always took the credit for the treaty himself, and treated Hayashi somewhat cavalierly—a possible explanation of the posthumous publication of the Memoirs by Hayashi's nephew), and to the Emperor's dramatic production of Ito's own favorable report on the British agreement (Ito being absent in Europe), the younger man won the day. From that moment he became a power, and gradually he attracted to himself even the supporters of his own chief, Yamagata. With his opponents in the Diet it was generally easy to compromise.

This stirring incident over, Katsura

must have begun to turn his attention at once to the coming war with Russia. He, who had reorganized the Army, and had commanded a division of Japanese troops in the China War, knew just what Japan was capable of; as the Premier in whose administration a Treaty with England was signed, he knew just how much financial support could be obtained from Europe. Thanks to that alliance, third parties were practically eliminated. It was up to Japan to secure Korea by force of arms—or at worst to smooth the way for the future annexation of the peninsula—and incidentally to prove to the world that the new Empire must count in the future, especially in the Orient. It was a popular war, and that counter-balanced Katsura's personal unpopularity and the political opposition of the Seiyukwai party; but he resigned in 1905, having failed to reorganize the country's finances satisfactorily, a task which the war loans, and the heavy war taxation, had enormously complicated. The Genro chose, and the Emperor appointed, a Seiyukwai leader, Marquis Saionji, to take his place. Saionji was a believer in party government, and one of Japan's most upright and conscientious statesmen, but his brilliancy was intellectual rather than administrative, and his followers have always felt that he was somewhat aloof from the dirt and dust of political strife. He was the Balfour of Japanese politics, while Katsura was the Bismarck. Saionji failed to bring order out of chaos, bound hand and foot as he was by the Clansmen, to Katsura's own policy. After three years of this the people welcomed Katsura back, hoping, as nations will, for better things with a change of Ministry. He also remained in office for three years, but long before his term was over the people denounced him for a despot and a bureaucrat, and were claiming that the time had come for

Japan to make a second experiment in party Government. This time Saionji—for he was again appointed—was allowed by the Genro to make up a party Ministry, except for the portfolios of War and Marine, which were given to two Clansmen chosen by Katsura, who was not going to have the Army and Navy put under any sort of popular control. The Finance Minister, Mr. Tatsui Yamamoto, had been appointed because he was a financial expert to whom the nation looked to re-establish Japanese credit, and to put its finances on a business footing.

Things went merrily for a while. Militarism gone mad was to be checked. Facts about the gold reserve were for the first time made public. Not a single member of the Cabinet was a dishonest politician. But this Government, recognized as the best of modern times, was finally wrecked on the rock of Clan jealousy. The Choshu Clan and the Army insisted on two new divisions for Korea, and when the War Minister resigned rather than give in, the Cabinet had to resign too, because it could not secure another Army man who would vote against the wishes of the Clan that practically controls the service. Meanwhile Prince Katsura, after his mysterious visit to Russia, had accepted the post of Lord Privy Seal and Grand Chamberlain on the new Emperor's accession—a post which has always been divorced from political activity. It was freely predicted that he would use this advantageous position to influence the young Emperor against representative party government, and that he would step out of it if occasion offered. Hence no one was surprised when he resigned his Court appointment and formed a new Government. But he himself was at once faced with threats of resignation from his Navy Minister when he tried to placate his Clan and the Army by taking back his predecessor's prom-

ises of money for the Navy. Meanwhile he had to face the fierce opposition of the Constitutionals and Nationalists, who both stand for party government, and carry on a crusade against bureaucracy. To avoid being outvoted in the Diet, Katsura twice resorted to Imperial Ordinances to prorogue it. This roused the Diet, the press, and the entire country to fury. In the end he had to resign, badly beaten. After such a popular victory, Saionji and the Constitutionals should have returned to power, but Saionji was disposed of by a clever ruse. The Emperor was persuaded to order him to get his party to make terms with Katsura at the height of the struggle—a command which an honest party politician could not choose but disobey. This "disobedience to the Emperor's commands" was made much of by Katsura's adherents, and Saionji, in disgrace, was obliged to resign his leadership and retire from active politics, such being the magic of the Emperor's name when used by clever politicians.

After a period of political chaos, during which popular feeling ran very high, a patch-work Government was at length got together, and the Constitutionals agreed to take office under the presidency of a Satsuma Clansman, Admiral Yamamoto—a course which lost the party most of its best men, who would not countenance such a surrender. The seceders, under the leadership of Mr. Yukio Ozaki, formed themselves into the Seiyu or Constitutional Club, which, with the Nationalist party, led by Mr. Inukai (Japan's most promising politician, to Anglo-Saxon ideas) now represents all those who sincerely desire representative government, and who will make no terms with the enemy. It was at this juncture that Prince Katsura, with a hopefulness to be envied, announced his own tardy conversion to the prin-

ciples of constitutionalism, and the formation of a fourth party to promote that desirable end.

On February 7th of this year, Katsura issued a party manifesto in which he said: "The only way we can discharge our duty at this juncture is to consult with men of the same mind and form a public party." If he had said "the only way we, as bureaucrats, can survive," the statement would have been literally true. The published programme of the new party was not unlike that of all the other parties—social and administrative reform, taxation and National Debt readjustment, consolidation of national defences, peace in the Orient, the maintenance of Japanese prestige, being among its planks. But Katsura had gone too far. The people could not forget his use of Imperial Ordinances. According to the Constitution (Art. 8, Chapter I.) "The Emperor, in consequence of an urgent necessity to maintain public safety, or to avert public calamities issues, *when the Imperial Diet is not sitting*, Imperial Ordinances in place of law." This was not a tool for a Prime Minister to use to prorogue Parliament when he feared to be outvoted on a matter of national importance. Such use of the Emperor's name to gain a victory over one's opponents may have been sanctioned by Japanese opinion in the past, but it will not do to-day, and Mr. Ozaki, in his famous speech in the Diet on the misuse of the Emperor's name, made it plain that the people would not stand it. The bureaucrats accused him of committing sacrilege by talking thus; public opinion was mostly with Mr. Ozaki, that such sacrilege as there was was committed by Ministers when they dragged the Emperor's name into politics and gave his signature to orders which, being issued at the dictation of fallible Ministers, might easily be egregious errors. The press took up the campaign against

Katsura, and his own organs, the *Kokumin* and the *Yamato*, suffered severely at the hands of the mob in the constitutional riots, as a reward for their staunch advocacy of him and his policy. No matter what he said, the people would not trust him. He had shown himself too clever. As for his new party, it was formed from his own *protégés* and followers, and its numbers were swelled by place-hunting seceders from the other parties; the very fact that his two chief lieutenants were Viscount Oura and Baron Goto warned off such men as were attracted by the paper programme of the party. Both these men were Katsura's *protégés*; Goto is the most adversely criticised of all Japanese statesmen, and Oura is head of the Chuo-ha, said to be the most disreputable group of politicians in the country—"old and decayed castaways and bad fellows who live on bribes," a Japanese newspaper calls them. It was hardly to be expected that with such a party Katsura would convince the people that he was converted to a system of government which places power in the hands of a body of men united on a certain *principle*. Then, during the summer, Katsura fell ill with cancer of the stomach, the disease which kills most of Japan's prominent public men, and his new party was left to the care of Oura and Goto. It is fitting that he should have died before he was reduced to playing a *rôle* that would have suited him so ill. His country will forget the events of the last few months and will remember him for the strong statesman who upheld Japan's prestige in the eyes of the outside world. In his way he was a faithful servant of the State; he did not grow rich at its expense. Twice his remarkable gifts served to float him back to power after having been hunted from office with howls of execration and fury. This last time he seems to have real-

ized that the despotic game was up. The wily politician was stronger in him than the haughtiness of the despot; hence his latest venture as a party leader.

Prince Katsura was undoubtedly the greatest statesman Japan could boast since Ito's death. His strength of will, his skill in the larger affairs of national life which can be seen from abroad, these all contributed to make him famous in Europe. The *Morning Post* not so very long ago, in a panegyric of the unconstitutional influence of the Elder Statesmen, described him as having "long been regarded as the conceiver and conserver of those progressive policies that have made Japan the foremost nation of the East." Japanese estimates of the man are quite otherwise. In a book by a well-known Japanese journalist recently published in Tokyo, on *Five Great Classes of Modern Japanese Society*, it is said of Katsura that "he is wedded heart and soul to clan government, and he is prepared to move heaven and earth to prevent its overthrow. In general intelligence, in a knowledge of theoretical statesmanship, Katsura is, in my opinion, inferior to Salonji. He is a slow thinker, but when it comes to deciding on action, to choosing between two courses, Katsura is the superior man. . . . He is always decided and always determined. He thinks himself the greatest representative of the Clans now living, and he is ready to fight to the death against party government. . . . Whether in power or out, Prince Katsura is always the advocate of a fixed State policy, and habitually shows regard for its welfare."¹

It is likely that Prince Katsura's name will go down to history as the

The Contemporary Review.

¹ "Japan Chronicle" translation.

last of the active Genro, the last human stronghold of that more or less benevolent despotism which serves the State at the expense of the people and makes personality take the place of principle. Katsura loved place and power, but he governed Japan according to his own will, and did that which he himself considered best for the State. The essence of modern democracy, and Japan is already thrilling to its fascination, is that the State must be governed according to the will of the people, and that the will of the people becomes the good of the State. But before Japan can exert her will she has to unshackle herself from the clinging embraces of thousands and thousands of petty officials who look upon the administrative services as happy hunting grounds for personal profit. Katsura, hardened bureaucrat though he was, really helped Japan on the road to freedom by putting down the power of the Genro in the active government of the country. He banished them to the background. Death will gradually banish them altogether. It is for the people to see that the tyranny of a clique of great Clansmen is not replaced by the infinitely more debasing tyranny of thousands of petty officials. Inukai and Ozaki will lead the people in vain, and the Genro will vanish in vain, until the people itself has burned out of the racial constitution the habit of corruption and the virtue of meekness. If Katsura rode roughshod over the people's rights and liberties, the people had almost invited it by their servile cringing to officialdom. To Katsura and his régime belongs the honor of having taught the Japanese people the desirability of democratic government.

Chute Collum.

THE ANTIQUITY AND EVOLUTION. OF MAN.*

(1) In this excellent translation of Prof. Buttel-Reepen's little book, with the German title altered to "Man and His Forerunners," the statement occurs that "general treatises on Pleistocene man published before 1908 are now almost valueless." Such a statement implies that our knowledge regarding the ancestry and evolution of man has been revolutionized in the last five years—a statement which no one familiar with the subject could support for a moment. Yet in that space of time certain events have occurred which do materially alter our conception of how and when mankind came by its present estate.

There is, in the first place, the discovery of definite types of worked flints beneath the Red Crag of East Anglia by Mr. J. Reid Moir. Prof. von Buttel-Reepen does not question that the sub-Crag flints show human workmanship, but he seeks to minimize their antiquity by withdrawing the Red Crag from the Pliocene formations and setting it at the commencement of the Pleistocene series—a change which we believe geologists will not be inclined to countenance. Even if the place of the Red Crag be changed to the commencement of the Pleistocene, the sub-Crag flints may still claim a respectable antiquity, for the author quotes with approval Penck's estimate of 500,000 to 1,500,000 years as the duration of the Pleisto-

cene period, and 25,000 years as the time which has elapsed since the Pleistocene closed.

It is during the last five years that we have come to realize fully the significance of Neanderthal man. He was formerly regarded as our pleistocene ancestor. The recent discoveries in France and a more exact study of prehistoric remains have made amply clear that Neanderthal man is so sharply differentiated in all his features from modern man that we must regard him not as an ancestor, but as a totally different and collateral species, and that in past times there was not one species of man—subdivided into varieties as at present—but that there existed several, perhaps many, different species of man.

We note that Prof. von Buttel-Reepen gives his adhesion to the theory of multiple human species. On the other hand, we also observe that Dr. Frederick Wright, in the "Origin and Antiquity of Man," adopts the view, usually held by geologists, that Neanderthal man is merely a variant of modern man, and brings forward the time-worn examples of Robert the Bruce and the mediæval Bishop of Toul as representatives of Neanderthal man in modern times. The difference between the crania of Robert the Bruce and Neanderthal man is almost as great as that which separates the skulls of the chimpanzee and gorilla.

The third event which has altered our conception of man in the past is the discovery made by Mr. Charles Dawson in a pocket of gravel by the side of a farm-path, at Piltdown, Sussex. The discovery is noted by three of the authors whose books are here reviewed, and it is interesting to see what opinion each of them has formed of *Eoanthropus dawsoni*. Prof. von

* (1) "Man and His Forerunners." By Prof. H. von Buttel-Reepen. Incorporating Accounts of Recent Discoveries in Suffolk and Sussex. Authorized Translation by A. G. Thacker. Pp. 96. (London: Longmans, Green and Co., 1913.) Price 2s. 6d. net.

(2) "The Origin and Antiquity of Man." By Dr. G. Frederick Wright. Pp. xx+547. (London: John Murray, 1913.) Price 8s. net.

(3) "L'Uomo Attuale una Specie Collettiva." By V. Giuffrida-Ruggieri. Pp. viii+192+xiii plates. (Milano: Albright, Segati e C., 1913.) Price 6 lire.

(4) "Die Rehobother Bastards und das Bastardie-rungsproblem beim Menschen" Dr. Eugen Fischer. Pp. vii+327+19 plates. (Jena: Gustav Fischer, 1913.) Price 16 marks.

Buttel-Reepen gives us the first surprise; he places this new species of humanity with Neanderthal man, between the second and third glacial phases of the Pleistocene. It is true that Mr. Dawson and Dr. Smith Woodward did use the term Chellean—which refers to the stage of flint workmanship usually supposed to have been reached between the second and third of Penck's glacial phases—but they were also careful to explain that they regarded the Piltdown gravel as having been deposited and the skull imbedded at a period long anterior to the Chellean age—namely, at the early part of the Pleistocene period—perhaps earlier.

As to the position of *Eoanthropus* in the human lineage, all our authors show circumspection. Prof. von Buttel-Reepen is "inclined to think that the anterior curve of the jaw passed more sharply upwards than in Woodward's reconstruction, and that the whole front of the jaw, and consequently the front teeth, were somewhat smaller and more human than he believes." There is no doubt this is the case; a close study of the faithful replicas of the jaw which are now freely in circulation will show that there is neither indication of, nor accommodation for, the large canine tooth postulated by Dr. Smith Woodward. It is true the conformation of the chin is purely simian. It is a feature never before observed in a human skull, but a simian chin does not necessarily indicate a large canine tooth.

The discovery at Piltdown evidently puzzled the author of "*l'Uomo Attuale*"—Prof. Giuffrida-Ruggeri, of Naples, one of the most expert anthropologists in Europe. He is naturally puzzled by the statement of the discoverers that they regard *Eoanthropus* as a contemporary of the Heidelberg man, and that flints of the Chellean type were found with the remains—flints of that

type belonging to a much later date than that of the Heidelberg jaw. He adds that it was impossible for him to make any further statement regarding the nature of *Eoanthropus* until figures, or, better still, actual models of the remains were at his disposal. By this time such models are probably at the Neapolitan professor's disposal, and he will have noted, as students of anatomy are certain to observe, that owing to the manner in which the bones of the skull-case have been put together, the brain-size of *Eoanthropus* has been greatly under-estimated. The size of brain is that of modern man—somewhere about, or a little above, 1500 cubic centimetres. The importance of the discovery of *Eoanthropus* will be thus apparent. At an early part of the Pleistocene period, perhaps much earlier, there existed human beings with a brain of the modern size, but a chin which was purely simian in conformation.

(2) In discovering the evidence on which the long-past history has to be based three classes of men are involved—the geologist, the archaeologist (or lithologist), and the anatomist. It is unlikely that any one man could attain such a knowledge as to become an expert in all three lines of investigation. The geologist must be our time-keeper and time-marker, especially as regards the Pleistocene—the geologist who has paid special attention to the evidence relating to the phases of glaciation. For this reason a work on the origin and antiquity of man, by Dr. Frederick Wright, who has been a life-long student of the glacial phenomena of North America, is of especial value. There is nothing concerning the origin of man in Dr. Wright's book, but much which bears on the length of the Pleistocene period and the relation of man to that period. Penck, from his studies of the glacial deposits in

Europe, estimates that the Pleistocene was at least half a million years in duration, perhaps a million and a half. Dr. Frederick Wright's investigations in America have led him to infer that 80,000 years is an ample estimate of the duration of the Ice age from its inception to its close. He admits the existence of pre-Glacial man. "Large areas," he writes, "in Europe and North America which are now principal centres of civilization were buried under glacial ice thousands of feet thick, while the civilization of Babylonia was in its heyday (5000 B. C.). . . . Both in its inception and in its close the Glacial epoch was a catastrophe of the most impressive order. No reasoning from present conditions can apply to the Glacial epoch without great reservation."

It will thus be seen that Dr. Frederick Wright has returned to the manner of thinking which was prevalent before the days of Lyell. He is an advocate of "Paroxysms of Nature." By a paroxysm of human evolution—one is inclined to substitute the word "miracle"—he thinks the early civilization of Babylon and of Egypt may have hurriedly arisen and primitive mankind become separated into the well-marked varieties which are seen in our present-day world. It must also be noted that the duration assigned to the last phase of glaciation by Dr. Wright is in complete agreement with the computations given by the late General Drayson. In one matter especially anthropologists are much beholden to Dr. Wright. He has no hesitation in declaring that the human skeletons found under the loess at Lancing on the Missouri and at Omaha, Nebraska, lay under undisturbed glacial deposits, and the remains were those of men who lived in America in the Glacial period. The importance of the statement lies in the fact that these men were of the modern type—in one case

exactly of the Red Indian type.

(3) Prof. Gluffrida Ruggeri's book deals with another aspect of the problem of man's origin. Its inception dates from his visit to London two years ago, when he attended the Universal Races Congress. He was surprised to hear the speculations of Prof. Klaatsch regarding the independent origin of human races—brought forward by those who took part in the discussions of the congress—as if they were facts accepted by all anthropologists. It will be remembered that Prof. Klaatsch saw fanciful resemblances between certain races of mankind and certain anthropoids, and supposed such races and anthropoids had sprung together from a common stock. In the process of dismembering Prof. Klaatsch's theory, the Neapolitan professor has done anthropologists a great service by bringing together and systematizing all recent investigations concerning the origin and nature of modern races of mankind. He regards the human race not as an "ideal" species—one composed of a predominant single variety: it would become so if one race prevailed and exterminated all the others—but as a collective species comprising many varieties of equal value in the eye of the classifier. His classification of modern races is a very practical one.

(4) We have kept the most important of the four books here reviewed to the last—for there can be no doubt, from every point of view, that Prof. Eugen Fischer's book merits such commendation. What happens when two diverse races of mankind interbreed throughout a long series of generations? Is a new race of mankind thus produced—a race which will continue to reproduce characters intermediate to those of the parent stocks? At the present time such an opinion is tacitly accepted by most anthropolo-

gists. It was to test the truth of such an opinion that Dr. Eugen Fischer, professor of anthropology at Freiburg, with financial assistance from the Royal Academy of Sciences of Berlin, set out to investigate the Bastard people in the Rehoboth district of German South-West Africa. The Rehoboth Bastards form a community of 2500-3000 souls, and are the result of intermarriage between early Boer farmers and Hottentot women—an intermixture which began more than a century ago.

This book contains the results of Prof. Fischer's investigations and is a model for those who will follow in his footsteps. His observations have convinced him that a new and permanent human race cannot be formed by the amalgamation of two diverse forms of man—not from any want of fertility—for amongst the Bastards there is an average of 7.4 children to each family—but because certain characters are recessive, others are dominant, and the original types tend to reassert themselves in the course of generations, according to Mendel's law. Although the mean head-form of the Bastards is intermediate to those of the two parent races—Hottentot and Boer—yet in Nature.

each generation a definite number of the Bastards tend to assume the head-form of the one or of the other of the parent races. There are certain facts relating to head-form known to English anthropologists which can be explained only on a Mendelian basis and are in harmony with Dr. Fischer's observations. Between three and four thousand years ago England was invaded by a race with peculiarly formed, short and high heads. During those thousands of years the Bronze age invaders have been mingling their blood with that of the older and newer residents of England. Yet in every gathering of modern Englishmen—especially of the middle classes—one can see a number of pure examples of the Bronze age head-form. On the Mendelian hypothesis the persistence of such a head-form is explicable.

Dr. Eugen Fischer's study of the Rehoboth Bastards will be welcomed by all students of heredity. No race has so many peculiar human traits as the Hottentots, and hence the laws of human inheritance—as Prof. Fischer was the first to recognize—can be advantageously studied in the hybrid progeny.

THE HOUSE OF THE ZAMARRAS.

V.

Manola cried the whole way to Madrid, and her escort, the doctor, was quite ashamed of her. She did not look the least like the pretty peasant he had promised the Countess. At the Estacion del Norte she was terrified by the bustle and the crowd; even the carriage and livery servants sent to meet the travellers failed to act as a restorative. Manola sat huddled on the

cushions, her apron and shawl awry, sobbing miserably.

"I want to go home! I want to go home!"

Arrived at the fine house in the Calle Fernando el Santo, she was dragged in, her head hanging. She stumbled on the richly carpeted stair, she knocked a chair over as she entered a room, she threw herself disconsolately on a sofa, crouching nearly double, her head buried in her arms.

The doctor looked despairingly at the lady's maid who had received them.

"I had better speak to the Condesa," he whispered; be very careful, Señora, that she does not run away."

Manola, left alone with the stranger, cried on.

Suddenly from the adjoining room arose a low trembling wail—a cry perfectly different from any Manola had ever heard from her own happy boy, which yet appealed to the mother's heart in her. She raised her head and sat up.

"That is the infant," said the lady's maid; "she has been poisoned; she is dying."

Manola arose, and with staggering but determined steps moved towards the cry. She entered the nursery. Two or three women were there with feeding bottles, hot water, and a general air of being at the end of their resources. Across the knees of one of them lay the baby, a miserable thing, mere skin and bone, almost black, with the wrinkled face of an old woman. For a moment the peasant nurse shuddered: that monstrosity instead of her beautiful boy?

But Manola had been made for the succoring of the weak, the helpless, the suffering, who are apt to seem nuisances to the general world. Without speaking, she lifted the child in her warm, strong arms and pressed it to her heart. The wail ceased as if by magic. The lady's maid pushed Manola into a chair; then she and the other women stood at a little distance, watching awestruck as if in the presence of the Blessed Virgin.

Presently the child's mother came—a delicate-looking woman nearing forty, gentle, graceful, unpractical, whom Manola had often seen driving in the streets of Segovia. When the lady saw the circle of awestruck women, in their centre the little village Madonna in her peasant dress, with

tears on her eyelashes and smiles on her lips, in her arms the suffering child, now warm, content, with a faint flush on its wizened face, uttering little cooing noises of satisfaction, its claw-like fingers opening and shutting with delight—she burst into tears. She knelt at Manola's feet, lifted the brown, strong hand which was caressing the baby's toes, and kissed it.

VI.

A week passed before Manola got used to her extraordinary surroundings; then like a rain-beaten flower she lifted her head to the sunshine. She had many merits; but it was not entirely a merit that she lived always in the present, so that things, ay, and persons out of her sight, became easily out of her mind. She was in a grand house, full of wonders; warm on cold days, cool on hot days, as the peasant had never imagined that a house could be. She had everything to her hand; not only water, but hot water. She had a spring bed. She had delicious food, and more of it than she could possibly eat. She had the most lovely new clothes—not altogether unlike her old ones glorified; a full, short, colored skirt, trimmed with rows of velvet; an immense snow-white apron, with yards upon yards of real lace; round her shoulders a little flowery silk shawl. Her hair was dressed by a maid very high in front, hanging behind in two long plaits. On the top of her head she wore a coquettish little white cap, and she had a gorgeous necklace and earrings.

When she took the baby out, she was accompanied by a nursemaid, dressed much like herself. If they liked they could go with the elder children and the French *Aya*,¹ but it was more correct for the baby and her suite to keep themselves apart. Thus, in state, they drove in the carriage through the park

¹ "Aya," nursery governess.

of the Buen Retiro, or walked up and down the Paseo de los Recoletos, where was daily a crowd of little people and their attendants. The trio were admired by all, for there was no other wet-nurse in Madrid so beautiful as Manola, or so smart. The little nursemaid was very pretty too; and soon the baby lost her leanness and her air of wrinkled old, and became a bright, fair, pretty little being like any other. Up and down the Paseo they sailed very slowly, enjoying the sunshine and the throng—all the lively pretty children in their smart frocks and sailor suits, playing Diabolo, playing with dolls, dragging toy animals on wheels, dragging live dogs, pretending to be bull-fighters, practising fandangoes and Sevillanas with all the appropriate steps and gestures. The nurses collected in groups and gossiped, the nursemaids ogled the soldiers and the students as they passed to the Biblioteca Nacional. Among the throng moved women selling air-balls, or paper whirligigs, or chocolate and cakes. The Mammas drove past in carriages, looked for their own little ones, and smiled. But one and all they noticed Manola, the peasant woman, carrying the child who had been poisoned, whom she had brought back to life. It was all amusing, luxurious, pleasant; and after the first week Manola increasingly enjoyed herself.

Had she forgotten the house of the Zamarras and the flocks of sheep? Facundo her husband and her own sturdy boy? Ah no; whenever she thought of them her heart beat, and she yearned for home. But she was one who lived in the present, and day by day she thought of them less. They became shadowy in her memory, for she was unimaginative, and had little power of evoking visions of what her eyes did not see. It felt as if she had always lived in the Condesa's mansion in Madrid, had always loved the girl-

baby who now seemed her very own. Her boy, the little Tirso, at three months old, whatever could he be like? When she tried to think, always the Condesa's little girl would give a crow or a wriggle, and Manola, dandling her lovingly, would forget the other.

And the misfortune was that neither Facundo nor Manola was any good at letter-writing; correspondence was impossible without the intervention of a third and even of a fourth party. Manola sent her wages—her immense wages—regularly; but when Facundo's letter of acknowledgment came—not written by himself—Manola had to take it for interpretation to her friend the watchmaker. And whether the watchmaker couldn't or wouldn't read the effusion correctly, the fact was he only let her have such parts of it—and those in paraphrase—as suited his convenience. Sometimes Manola tossed her head with a little annoyance.

"He needn't have said this!" she exclaimed; or "How stupid of him to have fancied that!"

The watchmaker was Manola's chief friend in Madrid. She made his acquaintance on the day of her arrival when he came to wind the beautiful new clock in her sitting-room. He had charge of all the clocks in the Conde's establishment; and it seemed Manola's required more frequent attention than any other. The young man—he was twenty-two and very beautiful, with pink cheeks and a turned-up moustache—spent a great deal of time in Manola's sitting-room mending her clock. She thought his visits a matter of course; and no one else knew of them except the flirty little nursemaid, who considered young men with turned-up moustaches persons to be altogether encouraged.

Manola was not allowed to consort much with the other servants, nor to go out and pay visits. But when it was explained to the Condesa that the

watchmaker's mother was from Segovia, and had gone to school with Manola's father's sister-in-law's sister, the nurse was permitted to go and see her, and even to take the precious baby. And as the shop was at some distance from the Calle Fernando el Santo, she was sent in the carriage with the pair of cream-colored mules, and told she might if she liked take her friend for a drive. Naturally, the handsome watchmaker went for the drive too, and hoped he was mistaken for the Conde, and his mother for the dowager, and Manola—well, for their servant. In that dress and with the ridiculous infant in her arms, she could not be supposed his Condesa.

"But, *pispajo!*" thought the watchmaker, "if she were, she'd be an uncommonly pretty one!"

At Zamarramala, what about Facundo? The light of his eyes was gone, and he grew older, more anxious and taciturn every day. He was robbed even of his boy, who lived on the top floor with Mariana and her noisy brood, and could not be disentangled from them by a weary man unequal to coping with the two pair of twins and the four odd ones. The money Manola sent home seemed to get lost in supporting that widow and her progeny. Of course, it couldn't be helped; and Mariana told him that the donkey-milk she bought for the little Tirso was very expensive.

Winter came on; and the old house of the Zamarras was very draughty and damp. Snow blocked up the entrance; then melted into Manola's kitchen, making a sort of bog on the broken pavement of its floor. Mariana complained that the snow also came in through the roof and fell upon the children in their beds. Facundo fetched a roof-mender from Segovia, who charged a great deal and was not able to make the ancient tiles water-tight.

"And to think of Manola in all that luxury," said Mariana vindictively; and Facundo, shivering over a brazier, replied:

"It pleases me much that she is warm."

Certainly Facundo was growing old. No year had he felt the cold so much; not even when in times of snow he had lived with the sheep twenty nights at a time in the *choza*² put up for their shelter. That was impossible now. He tried one night, and next day had a *pulmonia*,³ and was very ill for a fortnight. Ah! how he longed for Manola to nurse him, instead of Mariana who seemed to think he had caught cold on purpose! The sheep had to be left to the under-shepherd, and he knew little about them and cared less. When Facundo got about again the lambs were all dead, and half the ewes were moribund, and stood looking at him with reproachful eyes that cut him to the soul.

One of the twins followed Facundo to the fold, and found him sitting on the ground, a dead lamb in his arms, its mother wheezing out her life at its side. The twin thought his uncle had gone mad, and told him so. Facundo made no answer. He was lost in sad thought; the lamb reminded him of so many things—of the little bleating creature with the blue ribbon which Manola had tied up in the court in the first days of their happiness; of his baby Tirso, who was only a little motherless lamb himself, and had already caught cold in the snow.

"*Hombre!*" said the twin, rather alarmed, and anxious to say something consolatory, "what does it matter if they all die? You can buy others!"

"No, I can't!" shouted Facundo, with an oath, "get away! I hate you!"

Facundo knew well enough that he could not buy others. The loss of his

² "Choza," shed.

³ "Pulmonia" inflammation of the lungs.

flock meant the ruin he had long foreseen. He was in debt. He had wife and child, sister and orphans to support, and his means of livelihood was gone. The hireling shepherd must be dismissed, the poor remains of the sheep must go, the house of the Zamarras must be sold. He himself must find a master and sell his services—"become a slave!" thought the proud Castilian, wrapping himself in his worn *manta*,⁴ and hugging his misery—he, the man of the old stock, of the clean blood, of the big house where his ancestors had been born and had lived and died, good men and true, prosperous and honored, since the days of the Moorish wars.

A great longing overwhelmed Facundo for his bright young wife. Madrid was but two hours in the train, and he had a few notes left. Everyone knows hoarding the last few notes is useless. He would go to Madrid and see her in her palace, tell her of the grief that had come upon him, and comfort himself in her love.

VII.

Two days later, a countryman in country attire—blue stockings, knee-breeches a little open at the garter, showing slashings of white, short black velvet jacket over wide black sash, wide-brimmed round hat with a little cone in its centre—was seen in great bewilderment threading his way through the bustling streets of the metropolis. He had a friend who would give him a bed for the night, a friend who was a road mender, and lived hard by the young king's palace, in an alley of old Madrid, where the roofs met overhead and the inhabitants were of the very poor. Facundo's heart failed him when he had found the place. Oh! no! Holy Virgin of the Atocha! He could not stay here! He who was used to the fresh air and the

⁴ "Manta," blanket, plaid.

broad light, to the dry rocky desert, to the house of the Zamarras, and to Manola's flowerpots and endless splashings of water on the stone floors, her merry voice bright as Segovia's sunshine. He hurried from the slum in horror, weak and tired after his illness, but borne on the wings of love.

Asking his way at every corner, he struggled up the long Calle de Toledo, where were shops gorgeous to the countryman, full of silk handkerchiefs and rolls of yellow and scarlet stuffs. Ah! and the shawls, the beautiful shawls, worn by women far less pretty than Manola, of all soft reds and greens and golds mingled indescribably (what we in England call Paisley). Facundo had a note left; he would buy Manolita a shawl!

He entered a shop, pointed, and asked the price. Two hundred and sixty *pesetas*. He could have cried with disappointment as he came away without the treasure. Oh! the riches there must be in Madrid, where women less pretty than Manola, common women marketing or carrying water, could wear shawls worth two hundred and sixty *pesetas*! In the Plaza Mayor—once the scene of poetical jousts and of Inquisition fires—he bought from a huckster a pinkish-yellow six-*peseta* handkerchief that he might not go to his darling empty-handed.

He found the street, the house, so grand he had not courage to ring. He wandered round the walls, hoping that love would bring her to some window, and that she would see him. His eyes shone with love and hope; but somehow he felt old and savage here by this palace, in his country clothes, with his few gray hairs, and his worn frame, weak and stooping after the *pulmonia*.

Hush! what was that? Yes—at an open window—a laugh—bright as the spring sunshine—her laugh! Quick as

thought Facundo hid himself in the shadow opposite the window, whence he could see. She was there! splendid with gold and jewels, beautiful as day, plump, rosy, joyous, and young—so young! She had the baby—not her own baby—on her knee; and standing over her, bending while she looked up at him, and laughed—laughed—was a young man—a very young man, a Madrileño, with turned-up moustache and pink cheeks.

Facundo turned, and went, fast as one possessed, back to the Estacion del Norte—back to Segovia. When he got home he found, crushed to a tight ball in his burning hand, the silk

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handkerchief he had bought for Manola in the Plaza Mayor.

"I will kill the man," thought Facundo; "but that will not bring her back to me! I will kill myself and let her marry him. I will kill the little Tirso, for no one will want him. He must die—like the lambs."

The twins, peeping and listening through a chink in the door, were appalled, and ran to tell their mother Uncle Facundo was mad, and they ought to call the police.

"Nonsense, niños," said Mariana, "it is only that yesterday he sold to a company of trading foreigners this house of the Zamarras."

Helen Hester Cecil.

(To be concluded.)

OLD PHOTOGRAPHS.

One of the most envied accompaniments of high birth in the past is becoming almost universal. Almost everyone nowadays is possessed of family portraits. That is, they are possessed of accurate delineations of the features of their more immediate ancestors. Old photograph albums tell middle-aged men and women what their grandfathers were like before they grew old, and young people can study the clothes, faces, and deportment of their great-grandparents and great-aunts and great-uncles. We all have pictures of the block whence we were hewn—an advantage reserved at one time for chips of greater distinction. The fact ought not to be without its effect upon character—if the heirlooms of family tradition are of any value. As in the case of jewels, there is something fictitious about the store which is set by them. Nevertheless the fascination of such heirlooms is eternal.

A really good collection of old fam-

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ily photographs is a great treasure. But why, as we turn over its pages, are we quite sure to laugh? What is there that is ridiculous about the earlier photographs? It is not very easy to say. They tell us truthfully a great deal about those who are separated from us by a small space of time and an immense expanse of change. The sitters are self-conscious. Some of their self-consciousness was doubtless due to the long exposure then necessarily exacted by the photographer, but also they are frankly trying to look their best. But whatever we may say of them as individuals, taken all together they bear witness to a simpler generation than ours. It is curious how often they give an impression of belonging to a lower rank of life than the one they adorned. Any look of distinction is rare in an old photograph, and groups of children belonging to the well-off classes remind one of groups collected at a village school feast. To our eyes the

men and the children of the early Victorian period were wonderfully badly dressed. Perhaps there has never been a period when the beauty of women was substantially injured by the fashions. But if the men in early photographs lacked vanity to reform the tailoring art, they were not above striking an attitude in obedience perhaps to the suggestion of the photographer any more than their wives and daughters were. As we turn over the heavy leaves of the album we are sure to see a young soldier intending to look fierce, a young lady looking intentionally modest, a husband and wife exhibiting devotion by staring at one another, she from a chair that she may look up, he on his legs looking down. A clergyman, or perhaps he is only a grave father of a family, is represented with an enormous Bible on his knees, and a group of oddly dressed little girls are feigning interest in a geographical globe. We could not put ourselves into such self-conscious positions nowadays. Would it be absurd to say that it is partly because we are too self-conscious? Reserve may become an affectation. A good deal of our vaunted simplicity arises from the terror we feel of being ridiculous. It is the simplicity of the schoolboy, who dare not be conspicuous and who is not in real truth a very simple being. No generation is a judge of its own airs and graces. Will our photographs make our grandchildren laugh? Will they see an extraordinary egoism behind the studied simplicity of our attitudes and expressions? Our grandfathers and grandmothers wished that their photographs should call attention to the fact that they were playing their parts well. Men and women in modern fashionable photographs say nothing about their *rôles*. They call attention—loudly—to their own individualities. Will our descendants amuse them-

selves sometimes on Sunday afternoons comparing old "snapshots" with old fashionable photographs? Will they be so cruel as to believe that the snapshot was the more like? Probably not, because it is in the carefully taken photograph and not in the snapshot that family likenesses are most often obvious.

Perhaps the most interesting thing about old family photographs is the likeness we are able to trace between the representatives of one generation and another. At times, between fairly close relations, it approaches to something like identity. This impression is strengthened when we remember that likeness of feature almost always carries with it likeness of voice. For instance, we may find a very early Victorian lady in a crinoline, with banded hair. Her hand is upon the shoulder, perhaps, of a mild little boy in a species of fancy costume which was known as "kilts." The photographer desired to show the sedate tenderness of the early Victorian ideal matron, but the likeness to her great-niece strikes every beholder, and the great-niece is perhaps a suffragette. Dressed like the photograph, supplied with the crinoline and a little boy, with rearranged hair and taking similarity of voice for granted, the two ladies would seem to be one. Would the aunt in the photograph have been a suffragette had circumstances permitted? Would the great-niece have been a mild, sedate lady of early Victorian proclivities under other conditions? We wonder perhaps what the great-aunt was really like. Probably no one can remember anything about her except that she lived in such-and-such a place, and that the boy died. We turn to another picture, saying sadly that "there is no one now whom we could ask." There is no key now to the personality of the great-aunt except that of the great-niece who is so like her. It is

sad how soon we are all forgotten, or remembered only by a resemblance which strikes beholders as ridiculous. "Quite comically like!" they cry as they look at the portrait. Change of circumstance does sometimes make a resemblance absurd. The prototype seems like the antitype masquerading, and it is difficult to get away from the theatrical suggestion. It is amazing what a likeness a large-headed, very untidily dressed young man in a photograph, who seems to be seeking a leonine effect, may bear to his young relation at Sandhurst. The modern military cadet, shocked by the much-increased trousers, is perhaps the only person who does not see the likeness. The early photographs of children seem at first as little like the children of to-day as the Fairchild family are like children in a modern story-book. All the same, if we isolate and magnify a single face we may probably find its antitype in the present nurseries of the family or at school. Old photographs of children are, however, very unsatisfactory. They are surprisingly without charm. Has the modern worship of children brought something out in them which was not patent in their little grandfathers? The painters contradict a theory to which early photography certainly lends a plausibility.

Why does the ordinary middle-class family keep so poor a record, not of its own doings—they are, for the most part, dull enough—but of its own personalities? None of us can see in front of us much further than the probable lifetime of our own children, and we do not like to look even so far as that.

The Spectator.

Surely it would give us a sense of space if we could see clearly a little further behind us. Moreover, to those who are engaged in the bringing up of their own children, a history of the family might furnish many a hint. Would it not be a good plan if every family appointed a historiographer. It would be his or her duty to make a slight sketch in words of every living member of the family; to keep a few characteristic letters; to put down a few characteristic sayings, and to send this little *dossier* to some discreet person who should be agreed upon as a recipient of the family archives. As a companion volume to the family album it would be very interesting! The post, too, would be an interesting one to fill. The choice would fall often, we think, upon an unmarried woman. Women are far more interested in character-study than men; unmarried women are apt to stand a little outside the family circle. Also such a woman would be likely to accept a somewhat onerous job for the sake of the sense that she was somehow augmenting the significance of her own blood, though only by words. All the same, we are not sure but that the book might prove enervating reading. History repeats itself, as the photographs show us. A minute description of their forebears might remove from present members of a humdrum family all sense of originality, and leave them with a calm acquiescence in stagnation, a sense that there is nothing new under the sun, and that each successive generation is a reproduction of the last in different clothes and fresh circumstances.

THE TANGO.

All Britain is now divided into three parts. There are those who rave in praise of the Tango. There are those who rave against it. And there are those—a quiet majority—who know little about it and care less.

True, it is not easy to preserve a virginal ignorance, since the newspapers and the theatres have made the Tango their own. But many excellent people are really clever in dodging inconvenient knowledge. A few years ago a play called "Ben Hur" enjoyed its day of fleeting popularity in London. A certain great man was asked if he had seen it. "Of course, on the boardings," was his reply. "But I mean have you seen the play?" "A play, is it? Really, I thought it was some new brand of whiskey." People of this kind note the constant references to "Tango Teas" and "Tango Suppers," but probably connect the word with the idea of some cunningly advertised drink or beef essence.

Those who are at all interested in the Tango, however, are interested very much. The question—is the Tango a shameful and ridiculous dance or a thing of rare grace and beauty?—cuts across all social and party lines. There are sound Tories who applaud, and violent Radicals who condemn it. Serious youth is appalled, cheery sensibility delighted. It has its friends and its enemies in Mayfair and White-chapel alike. To express an opinion either way in public is to invite the most deadly and withering retorts from offended partisans. The pro-Tango party draw all their arguments from the ball-rooms of London; the "antis" rely on terrible stories of the Paris cabarets. They may be left to fight the matter out between themselves. The unblinded investigator is only concerned with the actual facts.

It is hardly a year ago since the Tango reached this country from South America by way of Paris. It was at first no more than a music-hall freak. But some of those mysterious people who inspire new social fashions were attracted by its sinuous movements and the strange backward kick, and this year it made its way into private houses as well as public ball-rooms. Enterprising hostesses smiled a welcome to the innovation. Dancing, once regarded by young men as the outside edge of boredom, became suddenly popular. The languishing industry of Mr. Turveydrop revived into vigorous life. Everybody, in the limited social sense, began to acquire the knack of swaying and kicking on the approved Tango lines. The resulting spectacle was too much for Hepzibah Countess of Grundy. That lady—everybody remembers her husband's elevation late in Victoria's reign—above the signature "A Peeress," broke out into scarcely coherent protests against the "disgraceful travesties of dancing" to be seen in London ball-rooms. She had a débutante of eighteen—a Miss Podsnap—to protect, and that ingenuous young person's cheek was assumed to be scarlet over the shocking evolutions of the Tango.

Lady Grundy's protest, of course, only advertised the dance, and the Tango has now passed through many of the phases of a popular craze. It holds the comedy stage without a rival. It has conquered the country houses. No great hotel is without its Tango teas and suppers. Millinery and dress-making have responded to the Tango inspiration; and now even the journalists, the last to discover and the last to abandon a new idea, are beginning to discuss little else. That familiar figure, "the well-known Harley Street

physician," has broken out. One side of the street—say the odd numbers—recommends the Tango as an ideal exercise for the middle-aged. It is a fine, healthy exercise, "bringing all the large muscles into play, inducing healthy skin action, and specially useful in cases of confirmed insomnia." The even numbers retort that grim possibilities lurk for the too vigorous Tango dancer—cardiac trouble, and muscular strain and liability to dislocation of the tibia. The "Lancet," too, will soon, no doubt, analyze the atmosphere of a Tango dance-room and prove that it yields an almost incredible number of bacteria to the square millimetre.

The aesthetics are equally divided. M. Richepin gives the Tango a distinguished ancestry and a good character. It is the incarnation of the spirit of the dance, and it comes to us from Pallas Athene, though it has had wanderings since it satisfied the Hellenic instinct for grace. Other voices scarcely less distinguished are raised against the innate savagery of a dance said to betray in every gesture its fitness for the cowboys and gauchos who evolved it. Indian or negroid—Spanish decadence grafted on to primitive animalism—this is the degraded ancestry of the thing European degenerates are not ashamed to embrace. Broadly speaking, the voting follows strictly party lines. The Academician condemns; the Futurist applauds. The school of art that still declares grass to be green is hostile to the Tango. Those who believe grass to be purple, with blotches of blue and yellow, are warm friends of the Tango.

The argument, presumably, will go on until the Tango—danced, photographed, "filmed," blessed and banned—has reached the stage of a generally recognized bore. Then, if it has real merits, it will quietly take its place in the full odor of respectability in the repertory of established dances. Such

was the fate of the Polka, the Lancers, the Schottische and the rest. For the Polka, which so preoccupied Paris that in 1840 the "Times" complained that its correspondence was interrupted, was condemned by Mrs. Grundy (not then ennobled) as a thing of license and contagious immodesty. Even the decorous waltz, the blameless mainstay of the modern programme, met a storm of opposition when it reached these shores a century ago. The Tango may prove to have no more vitality than the American eccentricities which have had their little day in London, but has an interest for the moment as the expression of the spirit of the age. It represents a revolt from the tyranny of tradition, together with a bewildered outlook on the future. It says in effect, "Give us something new—or at least novel—ugly or beautiful matters not. Anything rather than dull perfection on the old lines."

It expresses, too, the modern passion for youthfulness. The child was curious to know what became of the old moons. A greater puzzle is what becomes of the old men and women. People refuse to grow old; perhaps because they are afraid to. They are like the wonderful one-horse shay, proof against the ordinary process of gradual depreciation. They last so many years, seemingly unchanged and unchangeable, and then—suddenly drop into pieces. Old age is unfashionable, and gravity pardonable only in the very young. It is said that the majority of Tango students are well over fifty. A boy may delight in bluebooks, a Greuzelike young girl may addict herself to the study of Eugenics; but that way fageyism and frumpishness lie for the man or woman over forty. Hence the excessive catering for the youthful in all departments. The newspaper reader who craved for "something about sun-spots" has disappeared. His successor is assumed to be inter-

ested almost exclusively in the activities of those mysterious classes discussed in a scientific spirit by Mr. George Grossmith—the “bloods” and the “nuts” and their female equivalents.

And yet the silent majority really cares as little about these things as the honest yeoman under Charles II. troubled about the freaks of Scaley

The Saturday Review.

and Rochester. Modern feverishness is impressive enough in the newspapers, no doubt. But most men who have fairly extensive acquaintance will agree that on the whole the British pulse beats as healthful music as heretofore. John Bull is John Bull still, though he sometimes tries in his awkward way to cut a Parisian caper.

THE GREAT DELUSION.

The acquittal of the Jew Beiliss, who was tried at Kieff on the ancient charge of “ritual murder,” will help to bring to an end, we trust, the monstrous traditional slander under which the Jewish race has suffered for centuries in many countries. The belief that Jews murder Christian children in order to use their blood for certain rites is nothing but a gross and cruel superstition which ought long ago in any civilized country to have gone the way of belief in witchcraft and black magic. Toothless old women used to be burnt on the evidence of neighbors that they had been seen riding on broomsticks, but we do not expect to hear evidence of that sort admitted in a modern court of law. Yet in the court at Kieff for many days some of the ablest Russian lawyers, under the aegis of the Procurator, solemnly discussed evidence which seems to us no less preposterous and futile. It should be said that sober and intelligent men all over Russia have expressed their indignation at the folly of the trial. We cannot believe that such a trial will ever be undertaken again. We doubt not anti-Semitism will express itself again and again in a country where the excuse is that rapacious Jews have too often brought peasants completely into their power, just as the simple back-veld

Boer, believing that he was providing for the education of his children, has often found himself mortgaged up to the eyes and in the grasp of a clever money-lender from Johannesburg. We need not deny that local authorities in Russia, in their curious independence of central control, may be capable of bringing in the future such a charge as that which has hopelessly broken down at Kieff, nor need we deny that there may be isolated Jews who would be capable of punishing their persecutors by the secret forms of base and cunning crime. But we do not expect ever again to see the Russian Procurator lending the weight of his office to sanction a belief in one of the most absurd of mediæval superstitions. That is a point to the good. Something is gained even by such a humiliating spectacle of gullibility and muddle-headedness as has just drawn the attention of the whole world to Kieff, and stirred Russians into intense excitement from St. Petersburg to Vladivostok. The jurymen who acquitted Beiliss are to be congratulated on having done their duty like brave men. What they meant by their apparently irrelevant finding that the murdered Christian boy was killed in the Zaitseff works—a factory owned by Jews—we do not pretend to know. The evidence does not appear to justify the finding,

and the jury, having proved their independence in the greater matter, were under no obvious compulsion of fear to play into the hands of anti-Semites in a minor respect. Possibly they desired to save the face of the Procurator and his department. Nothing, however, could save that.

The contrast between the municipal and commercial perfections of the city of Kieff and the benighted and obsolete nature of the superstition which was the basis of the trial was well brought out in a remarkably able article published in the *Times*. The population of Kieff is as great as that of Manchester; the city is planned on a model that might provoke the envy of Mr. Burns; the streets are wide, the shops splendid, the hotels vast, the electric trams excellent, and there is an opera such as is nowhere to be found in England outside of London. The writer in the *Times* pays a tribute to the fairness with which the President of the Court conducted the trial. We may quote his summary of the facts upon which Belliss was tried, since we could not put them more briefly or clearly.

"On April 2nd, 1911, the body of Andrusha Yushchinsky, a boy of 12, was found in a cave in a piece of waste land adjoining the Nagornaya-street in Kieff. It was covered with 47 wounds, some deep and ghastly, some slight, and the hands were bound behind the back. The boy's coat and trousers were missing, he was dressed only in under-garments; his cap, belt, vest, and one sock lay close by; and some of his school exercise-books, rolled up in tube form, were stuck in a hollow in a wall of the cave. The garments were soaked in blood in parts, and there were many bloodstains, but it was clear that the murder had been committed elsewhere and that the body had ceased to bleed before being removed to the cave. The case for ritual murder rests on the fact that the main

effusion of blood was never found, and that there were a number of wounds, resembling holes made by blows from some round-pointed or knobbed instrument on the right temple, which might be counted as 13, though it is clear from the photograph that, as some of the wounds overlap, the precise number is a matter of choice. It should be said that as a doubt was cast upon the photograph it was not shown to the jury in the trial, but they are probably the only people who have not seen it, as it has been freely published. According to the testimony of Father Pranaitis, it is the custom of the Jews in ritual murder, to inflict 13 wounds on the temple of their victim."

The popular belief is that when a Christian child is killed for ritual purposes the body is marked by cabalistic signs and that the blood is eaten in Passover cakes. The number 13 mentioned in the extract above is, of course, supposed to be cabalistic. But so far as we know, the number 13 (in spite of the various other superstitions which are connected with it, and with which we are all familiar) was never a cabalistic number. Three and seven, we believe, are the numbers which recur in cabalistic literature. As for the writings of the monk Neofitu, with which the prosecution made great play, his circumstantial account of the alleged ritual murders practised by Jews is not unknown in many parts of Europe to those interested in such literature. One exposition of ritual murder which he published is dated 1803, and seems to those who have read it to bear traces of something like insanity. At all events there is in it a very curious idea which recurs so often as to suggest a morbid mental obsession. This is the idea that by eating the blood of Christians Jews would **save themselves from eternal damnation** if after all it should turn out that Jesus was really the Jewish Messiah.

Apparently the blood of Christians who had received the sacrament was to have a sacramental and saving power when incorporated in the blood of Jews. Neofitu was a Jew converted to Christianity, who, apart from his mental instability, betrayed in his writings all the rancor which is sometimes characteristic of the convert.

The boy Yushchinsky was intimate with a gang of thieves and receivers of stolen goods. Prominent in this gang was a woman named Vera Cheberyak. It was on her accusation that Beiliss was accused and subsequently languished two years in prison. She said that she had seen the boy go into the Zaitseff works to play on the waste ground there; that he was seized by a man with a black beard, and that he was never seen alive again. Beiliss has a black beard. There appears to be no other clue to connect him with the murder. Vera Cheberyak's evidence was a mass of contradictions. Nor does the description of her in the *Times* invite even a preliminary confidence:—

"A certain Miffel, whose name figured frequently in the case, had the melancholy distinction of having his eyes put out by vitriol thrown on him by Vera, whose courage in doing evil has earned her fame. An evil and wonderful figure she looked in Court, cynically admitting misdeeds, cool-mannered, thick-lipped, sallow-faced, with jet-black hair and great smouldering black eyes. She wore a large black velvet hat with gaudy yellow plumes fastened by a huge gleaming pin whereon rows of seeming diamonds alternated with layers of pink paste, and a long black cloak opened to reveal a red frock crossed with gold chains."

Evidence for the defense showed that Yushchinsky had visited Vera's house on the day of the murder, and that screams and noises were heard. A

piece of blood-stained rag found by the body afterwards was identified as a pillow slip belonging to Vera. The theory of one Krasovsky—a Russian detective who has the fame of a Sherlock Holmes—was that the boy had discovered the secrets of the receivers of stolen goods, and that he was therefore put out of the way. But we need not make a longer tour of this picture-gallery of personalities in the Russian court. Strange figures passing under such nicknames as the Frog, the Wolf, and the Lamplighter (reminding one of Peter the Painter and other principals in the Houndsditch crime in London) crop up at every turn and intensify the impression that one is in the middle of a nightmare.

The belief in ritual murder by the Jews is, and always has been, a gigantic delusion. But it may be said, "Surely there cannot be so much smoke without fire. There must be *something* that has given rise to this age-long and persistent belief." People who use that argument have forgotten their history, which proves that in delusions and superstitions there may very easily be smoke without fire. For example, there was the great delusion of "Prester John." This mythical Christian potentate, holding sway over a vast empire and innumerable feudatory kings, all hidden away in some unexplored part of the world, was firmly believed in throughout Christendom for a long period of the Middle Ages. One cannot really explain the delusion. Sometimes Prester John would be in India, sometimes in Abyssinia, but wherever he was placed this wonderful personage, waited on by kings, but himself bearing the lowly title of presbyter, was believed in without question. Envoys who professed to come from him were actually received by the Pope at Rome, yet Prester John never existed. Similarly there was the great delusion about the

atheistical writing, *De Tribus Impostoribus*, which disposed of Moses, Jesus, and Mohammed. Men were tried on the charge of having written this wicked book. Men were convicted and executed. Yet the book never existed.

The Spectator.

"Ritual murder" is a third great delusion. We earnestly hope that it is now descending the slope to the limbo where it will abide harmlessly with Prester John and *De Tribus Impostoribus*.

THE DUBLIN STRIKE AND THE LARKIN TRIAL.

The labor disturbances in Dublin started at a meeting of the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union on August 23rd, at which a tramway men's strike was agreed upon. The strike actually began on September 3rd. By September 6th it was estimated that 5,000 men had left work or been locked out, and by September 26th the number had risen to some 20,000. The question at issue was defined with sufficient clearness at a meeting of 400 employers of labor in Dublin on September 3rd, at which a resolution was adopted, which it is worth while to set out verbatim:—

We hereby pledge ourselves in future not to employ any persons who continue to be members of the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union, and any person refusing to carry out lawful and reasonable instructions, or the instructions of those placed over them, will be instantly dismissed, no matter to what union they belong.

Since then this deplorable and economically disastrous struggle has turned on the recognition of the union. As declared by the *Times* in a leader, and clearly stated in this resolution, the object of the employers was to break it. Mr. Larkin, the moving spirit in the union and in the strike, was, the *Times* declared, a creation of the Dublin employers, since—

It is not denied that wages have been extensively and substantially raised in consequence of Mr. Larkin's agitation, which means that employers

have refused to give terms they could well afford until they were compelled. This conduct is playing into the hands of the agitator, as we have often pointed out. It gives substance to the charge that employers care for nothing but money, and justifies at once the agitator's denunciations and his promises. This is the chief secret of Mr. Larkin's extraordinary influence, and the Dublin employers have themselves to thank for it.

During September rioting and outbreaks of violence occurred, and the whole disturbance assumed such proportions, while the prospect of a settlement appeared so remote, that the Chief Industrial Commissioner, after consultation with the Irish Government, appointed a court of inquiry to inquire into the facts and take such steps as might seem necessary with a view to arriving at a settlement. The inquiry opened at Dublin Castle on September 29th, and heard evidence from representatives of both employers and workpeople. The proceedings were public, the case for the men being presented by Mr. Larkin. On October 6th the court met the representatives of the parties, and Sir George Askwith read their report. After reviewing the events which had occurred since 1908, when the unrest culminating in the present disturbance began, the report, while condemning the sympathetic strike, and declaring that no community could exist if resort to it became the general policy of trade unionism, stated that the "events

which have occurred in the various industries indicate that grievances of considerable importance have existed," and that the resolution of the associated employers endeavored to impose "conditions which are contrary to individual liberty, and which no workman or body of workmen could be reasonably expected to accept." A scheme for the establishment of a conciliation committee, consisting of representatives of workpeople and employers, was outlined, with an impartial chairman, to be selected by a panel appointed by the Board of Trade; the chairman's decision to be final in any case of failure to arrive at agreement. Any complaints of breach of agreement were to go before this committee.

The report was accepted by the men's representatives as the basis of negotiation, but rejected by the employers on the ground that it failed to touch on the question of guarantees, and represented machinery for the settlement of future rather than of the present disputes. This deplorable decision was condemned by public opinion; the *Times* stated that if the Dublin employers did not yet realize the impossibility of destroying the workers' union, it was time they learned the lesson. On the 14th a peace committee which had been formed in Dublin sent a deputation to the associated employers in the endeavor to induce them to adopt a more conciliatory attitude. The employers replied by refusing to recognize the union unless it was "reorganized on proper lines, and manned with new officials approved by the British Joint Labor Board."

It was at this juncture that, against the advice of the Peace Committee, Larkin was placed on his trial on the charge of sedition and of inciting to riot. The Irish Attorney-General, in conducting the case for the Crown,

based his argument upon a speech delivered by Larkin on August 29th to a mass meeting of some 8,000 or 9,000 workers. The prosecution relied for its strongest point upon the following remarks attributed to Larkin: "I care as much for the King as I do for Swift, the magistrate. People make kings and people can unmake them, and what the King of England had to do with stopping a meeting in Dublin I fail to see. I never said God save the King but in derision. I say it now in derision." This quotation, supported by others of a less damaging sort, proved sufficient to secure the jury's verdict of "guilty" on the charge of sedition which was followed by a sentence of seven months' imprisonment. To anyone who reads the full account of the trial, the proceedings have a strange and antiquated air. There is no kingdom in Europe whose monarch is more secure in the affections of his people, and it is largely because Republican sentiments are not persecuted that they are not popular. To indict the prisoner under an ancient and obsolete Act was in itself a grave error of judgment. Moreover, the actual conduct of the trial presents features calculated to arouse general dissatisfaction with the result. Larkin and his counsel made the strongest objections to the composition of the jury. Two jurymen themselves wished to be excused on the ground that they were employers whose men were on strike, and were therefore interested persons, but the judge found this plea insufficient to excuse them. If the authorities thought to find in the imprisonment of Larkin a solution to the Dublin labor crisis—and expediency was presumably the motive for their action—they were sadly mistaken; for the only result of the trial was to embitter the strikers in Dublin and to arouse the keen and active sympathy of the laboring classes in other parts of the king-

dom. From all quarters came a popular demand for Larkin's release, which, whether as a direct result of this demand or not, was ordered by the Government. Meanwhile, the Dublin strike continues. Whatever may be the outcome, it must be conceded that Larkin is not the primary cause of the present deadlock. Dublin Castle has made him a hero after the Dublin slums had cried long and vainly for reform. Clearly the deplorable conditions existing in Dublin, the insufficient wages, and the insanitary housing of the working population in that city have caused the strike and created the opportunity

The Economist.

for Larkin's rise to prominence. Larkin is undoubtedly a mob-leader of some power, and he has embittered the strife by reckless speaking. But it cannot be too strongly urged that it is essential for the employers and for all business men connected with Dublin, quite as much as for the workers, that fundamental grievances should be immediately redressed. Capital and property cannot build safely upon misery and squalor. That is one reason why we continually urge that money wasted on superfluities should be diverted to improving the homes and surroundings and health of the slum-dwellers.

THE PATIENT.

"No, Francesca," I said, "I will not."

"What, you won't take your medicine?"

"No, nothing shall induce me even to look at it."

"But is that wise?"

"No, it is probably the height of folly, but I am beyond caring for that. I have a gnawing pain in my—Ow-ow, there it is again—in my right big toe, and you choose that moment to talk to me about medicine. Is that tactful? Francesca, I had expected better things of you."

"But Dr. Willett said it would relieve you."

"How can he know?" I said. "I have had one dose of this hateful fluid, and I'm sure it has thrown me back a whole week."

"Oh, my dear," said Francesca, "how can you possibly tell?"

"And, if I can't tell, who can? Dr. Willett can't. I, at any rate, can feel what it does to me. It gives me cold shudders up and down my back and makes me want to cry. Can that be a good result?"

"Did you really want to cry?"

she said with some interest.

"I did," I said. "I often do want to, but I restrain myself. I have one of those stern and unbending natures—Ow-ow, it's got me again. Francesca, can't you do something? Must you stand there and smile?"

"I will banish my smile," she said, "since it seems to distress you; but I was thinking of your stern and unbending nature."

"And now," I said bitterly, "you are—how shall I express it?—you are quoting me against myself. You are chopping straws with a miserable invalid who is nailed to his bed and cannot lift a foot to defend himself. Is that generous? Is it even just? Great Heavens, Francesca, how do you suppose a big toe like mine can endure to have straws chopped at it? Oh, oh."

"There," she said, "I knew you'd do yourself harm if you got excited."

"I was never calmer in my life," I said.

"Then this is the moment for smoothing your pillow and helping you to put on your flannel jacket."

"You shall smooth my pillow, if you

like; but you shall not speak of my old rowing coat as a flannel jacket."

"Certainly not," she said, "if you object. We women have no sense of the dignity of things, have we?"

"Now you are getting peevish," I said. "I cannot bear people to be peevish. And, as to my old rowing coat, I simply couldn't face it in this condition. It would be a mockery."

"But it will keep you warm," she said; and with a few deft movements she robed me in it.

"There," she said, "you'll be more comfortable now."

"If you think so, Francesca, you deceive yourself. I have not been at all comfortable, and therefore I cannot be more comfortable. That stands to reason."

"I know," she said. "It is a shame."

"Yes, it is. I wonder why I of all men should have the gout."

"Oh," she said cheerfully, "that's easily answered. Dinners, you know; and champagne and port. I'm told they're all deadly."

"And that," I said, "shows how you misjudge me."

"But you have had some dinners, you know."

"Only one a day, and that a meagre one."

"And you have drunk some port and champagne."

"A thimbleful here and there," I said. "How can that matter?"

"But Dr. Willett—"

"I will not have Dr. Willett thrown in my teeth."

"Well, he has to examine your tongue, you know."

"Francesca, your jests are ill-timed. I want you to realize that my gout is not rich man's gout, due to excess in eating and drinking. It is poor man's gout, due to under-feeding and over-working and worry."

Punch.

"They all say that," said Francesca.

"Sir William Bowles is most emphatic about his gout, and Charlie Carter always tells me he can't make out why he should have it, living such a simple life as he does."

"There you are, you see. The men who ought to know best all agree with me."

"Not a bit of it," she said. "They both said they quite understood why *you* had the gout, with your City dinners and all that."

"I despise them and their opinions."

"That's right. It'll do you good. And now I must go out. I've got to see Mrs. Hollister."

"Francesca," I said, "you are going to desert me for a Hollister?"

"Well," she said, "I'm sure you ought to rest. You've been talking a great deal."

"I have scarcely," I said, "opened my mouth. However, if you must go, go at once."

"Shall I send Frederick in to entertain you?"

"No," I said, "I am not up to Frederick, though he is only six years old."

"He is a very intelligent boy."

"That's just it," I said. "He's too intelligent. He has suddenly developed a passion for the multiplication table. He would ask me eleven times eleven, or eleven times twelve, and I should not be able to answer. I am afraid he would cease to respect me."

"Very well," she said. "I will withdraw Frederick, but only on condition that you take your medicine."

"Bath!" I said.

"Just one gulp will do it. . . . There, it wasn't so bad after all, was it?"

"Francesca," I said, "it was simply execrable."

R. C. L.

"CULTURE" FOR THE MILLION.

If our professional paradox-mongers would only believe it, their laboriously manufactured wares are, in the American phrase, "not a circumstance" to the ready-made article upon which we are constantly stumbling in everyday life. None of them, for instance, has amused us with anything half so quaintly paradoxical as the phenomena presented by a desperately book-ridden and densely unliterary age. To describe the present age in this fashion is, of course, to challenge any amount of facile and indignant remonstrance. Unliterary—when books of all kinds, including reprints of famous classics of every type and period, pour forth from the publishers in a continual flood? Unliterary—when the best works of the best authors, temptingly bound and artistically produced, can be had, in a dozen different editions, at a cost which brings a well-equipped library of great literature within the reach of the City clerk and the draper's assistant? Unliterary—when free libraries are multiplying on every hand, and even the most blatantly popular of "people's" newspapers varies its budget of crimes and sensations with columns of book reviews and items of intimate chatter about the intentions of publishers and the doings of authors? So far as the average quality of the literary output is concerned, it may grudgingly be conceded that there have been greater periods than this. But when it comes to a question of the spread of literary appreciation and culture among the people, is there not visible evidence of the superiority of the present age to any that has gone before?

Unfortunately, illusions are none the less illusions because they happen to be flattering ones; and the plain truth is that the astonishing eruption of cheap

editions of all kinds which has been epidemic within recent years has had no appreciable effect whatever upon the "culture" of the classes which may be supposed to have provided this literary *bon marché* with the majority of its customers. That the excellent and inexpensive reprints which are nowadays brought forth in such abundance find ready purchasers must, indeed, be taken for granted, for otherwise the supply would long since have diminished or ceased. But the question that remains is, whether these cheap editions of the works of standard authors are, for the most part, bought to be read, or merely to be collected, and to provide the material for some sort of library, with a view to the augmented air of intelligence with which the mere fact of such a possession may seem to invest even the most phillistine of homes.

There is, no doubt, a certain minority in such classes to whom this power of acquiring the works of great writers at a cost within their means has come as a real boon, and a genuine help in their conscientious efforts of self-culture. But they, though fit, are few; and, for the rest, it is a matter of common observation that the reading of the great bulk of "the people" is still limited almost exclusively to daily and weekly newspapers, penny novelettes, journals of the "bits" and "cuts" order, and the cheapest kind of illustrated magazines. If one goes a little higher in the social scale, one finds things very much the same in principle, the only difference being that the place of the story-paper is taken by the novel—too often by the second-rate and third-rate novel—and that the newspapers and magazines are of slightly superior quality and price. But there is little enough evidence on any side

to suggest that people read standard literature in these days proportionately as much as it was read at a period when the possession of a library of great authors was a luxury of the rich, and when free libraries and sixpenny reprints were unknown.

One simple test there is, which is capable of being applied by anyone who moves about nowadays with moderately observant eyes. Of the cheap editions of standard works, a large proportion are issued in volumes which, while printed with admirable clearness, are small enough in size and form to be carried with perfect convenience in the pocket of an ordinary coat. How many of such volumes are to be seen in the hands of those who are in the habit of reading during their morning and evening journeys in trains, omnibuses, and tram-cars? It may be suggested that these typical English citizens reserve such books for enjoyment in the quietude of their own homes; but, observing what they do read on such occasions, listening to their conversation, and noting the kind of subjects in which they are chiefly interested, one finds little enough ground for any such reassuring conclusion.

Or, to take another test, one might make a tour of the reading rooms of half a dozen free libraries at their most crowded hours—say, on a winter evening, or a wet Saturday afternoon—and note the books and periodicals in which the majority of their frequenters are absorbed, and the proportion of good literature that is represented among them. If this is not convincing, let the custodians of the lending departments be asked what kind and class of book is most in demand among their clients, and how the standard authors fare with them in comparison with the current purveyors of insignificant popular fiction. The result of the inquiry will be an "eye-

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opener" for the optimists who try to persuade themselves and others that the mere provision of cheap books and free libraries had been sufficient to divert the taste of the masses from their Garvices and Oppenheims and Barclays to literature worthy of the name.

It is useless to live in a fool's paradise; and we may as well have done, once for all, with the mistake of pointing to the present Niagara of cheap books as an evidence of the literary culture of the age. To a large extent it merely illustrates the commercial shrewdness of the modern publisher in appealing to a prevalent form of vanity, by enabling the purchaser of these inexpensive volumes to assume a taste for letters which he does not possess, and has no real inclination to acquire. If the truth must be told, there was never a time when the claims of good literature were so mischievously jostled by those of ephemeral rubbish of every variety as they are to-day, or when the average man, even of the better educated classes, was less well read in proportion to his opportunities. If it were otherwise, it would not have become difficult to meet an ordinary middle-class citizen of the present generation who possesses even a nodding acquaintance with the works of Shakespeare. The restless rush of present-day life, its constant distractions, its perpetual movement, its ubiquitous newspapers, with their ever-shifting kaleidoscope of events and interests—these things are inimical to the contemplative mood in which alone the companionship of good books can be sought with profit. As for the crowd, optimism itself may well doubt whether, at any time before the millennium, it will prefer great authors to football results and "three o'clock winners"—charm the publishers never so wisely.

Alfred Berlym.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

After galloping at top speed through Mr. Grant Richards's "Valentine," in pursuit of an elusive catastrophe, the unsophisticated may be surprised to find themselves and the hero at the last page unshocked and unharmed, but that is this author's little way. The unexpected always happens in his stories, and his art lies in deceiving the reader as to the exact position of his own chief interest; as to the conduct of important secondary personages, and as to the morality or immorality involved in the conclusion. Mr. Richards, meanwhile, has cheerful devices still further involving his readers in bewilderment, by tantalizing chapter headings; by a deceptive motto from Meredith; and by a dedication flinging a pleasant jeer at an unnamed critic who complacently and incautiously invited the veteran "to try again." Good luck to that critic, probably said those to whom he pointed the way to "Valentine." As long as bad books are profitable, those authors who prefer to write good books should indeed try again. "Valentine" should soon have a younger companion, perhaps a sequel. May its editions be many! Houghton Mifflin Company.

Miss Eleanor Stuart's "The Romance of Ali" seems to be the direct literary descendant of Mr. Kipling's clever story. "One View of the Question" published in "Many Inventions," and is so written that one feels as if the heart of the writer and of Mohammedan India were bared before one's eyes. Ali is equally Arab and English by blood; he likes Russia and hates Germany; he has had governors and tutors of many races, and has picked the brains of each one, diplomatist, clergyman or legislator, and he can preserve an inviolable silence for an

indefinite time. Such is the youth who is sent to Europe with the heir of the sultanate of Angola, to spy out the land and to be educated. He spies most effectually, and tells of his adventures, his subterfuges, and his triumphs in Babu English of which a foretaste awaits the reader in the subscription of the frontispiece, which shows him, and his governess, the Sultan's superseded wife, watching a girl "dressed in white, fresh, pristine as a white hyacinth." The pristine young person and Ali and the reader have many adventures, and it is not the fault of Ali either in word, deed, or intention if everything does not turn to the advantage of his allies. Gems of idiom by the score sparkle on every page, and endless subtleties complicate the tissue of events, and the story bears witness to the author's possession of rare genius for taking minute pains. Harper & Brothers.

It is difficult to describe Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's latest story "T. Tembarom" (The Century Co.) without falling into superlatives; and superlatives overreach themselves. The plot may be criticised on the ground that its central incidents are improbable,—that it is unlikely that a young man who had begun as a bootblack and a newsboy would find himself suddenly in possession of an income of seventy thousand pounds, and that it is unlikely that such a training as he had had would result in such a character as he developed. But this is a trivial criticism; at least there is nothing impossible, and, as to Mr. Strangeways' loss of identity through complete loss of memory, that is a tragedy which is not new either in fiction or in real life. All the characters are immensely real, and their mutual relations are described

and their destinies are worked out with a blending of sentiment and humor which is simply delightful. One would have to search far through recent fiction for a character more sweet or true or sensible than "little Ann"; or one more delicate and simple-hearted than Miss Alicia; or one more sincere and open than T. Tembarom himself. There is no lack of variety, for new characters are introduced in almost every chapter, and these too are real people. Mrs. Burnett is equally at home in describing the simple folk who made up Mrs. Bowse's household and the rich and titled folk around Temple Barholm who were amazed by the easy bearing and the Bowerly slang of its new owner. Through chapter after chapter, from beginning to end, the reader passes without a single jarring sensation; and he reaches the last page with a pleasing conviction that life is not wholly made up of scandals and divorces, elopements and "affinities" and that there is no reason why fiction should be. The book is cleverly illustrated by Charles S. Chapman.

The short story, for many a year lauded by its manufacturers as beyond all telling wonderful, seems to be slowly losing favor, but decks itself anew to compete with the short novel, and in the effort becomes a very chameleon. In his new volume, "Here Are Ladies," Mr. James Stephens essays to add a new grace to very brief tales and briefer poems by arranging them as if they were the successive parts of an operetta in which wives and husbands are seen under equal disadvantage, and make the worst of it. The trios and duets in turn descant upon the nearly equal discomforts of fondness and of fierceness in the conjugal relation, and the four solos are half exaggeration and half paradox. Lastly, the epilogue contains specimens of the distinctive eccentricities of each

number on the programme, and leaves the audience to make its way into the lobby, bewildered but pleased. The playbill, as seen in the chapter heads and their page numbers, is a careful concatenation of prime numbers and mystical numbers, squares, cubes, and fourth powers. The doubter should read for himself. He cannot escape being grimly amused. The Macmillan Co.

William A. Walsh's "Handy-Book of Curious Information" (J. B. Lippincott Co.) is fairly well-defined in its sub-title as "comprising strange happenings in the life of men and animals, odd statistics, extraordinary phenomena and out of the way facts concerning the wonderlands of the earth." But neither the title nor the sub-title conveys any adequate idea of the wide scope and unique interest of the book. The author's intention is to supplement the ordinary encyclopædias by covering such subjects as they ignore altogether or the lighter aspects of familiar subjects to which they do not condescend. The result is a mass of curious and up-to-date information, conveyed with a light touch and a freedom from technicalities which make it very engaging reading. It is valuable for reference; but the reader who uses it for that purpose and turns to a given letter of the alphabet for the particular bit of information of which he is in quest will presently find himself dipping into it at random, and reading here and there upon subjects which he had not had in mind but to which he is beguiled by the attractive way in which information regarding them is presented. The book deserves a place by the side of the regular encyclopædias, for it admirably fulfils the purpose which the author had in mind and its nearly one thousand pages are both diverting and instructive.